THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

AUGUST, 1807.

Mr. QUICK.

THIS excellent actor, and genuine son of mirth, whose loss to the London stage has long been regretted, and will never, perhaps, be adequately supplied, is a native of this metropolis. His father was a brewer, but young Quick so little liked the smell of *malt and hops*, that at twelve years old he enlisted into a theatrical corps, and was the hero of various itinerant companies in the neighbourhood of London, often performing (as he relates himself,) the characters of Richard the *King*, and Sharp the *Valet*, for the enormous sum of *one shilling* per night! In the course of his marches and countermarches he met with many curious adventures. It is told of him, that at the age of eighteen, while he was playing in Kent, the company he was with had made a halt at a country-town, and had fixed on a small alehouse for their place of residence during their stay. But their appearance not being very well relished by the host, he secured two large trunks which contained the riches of the strolling adventurers, who had agreed to enact Macbeth on the following day. In the evening they all repaired to the barn to rehearse. At the same time the landlord was intent in observing their movements; and, applying his ear to a crevice in the door, he heard the cry of the assembled witches of "We'll fly by night;" on which this son of dark suspicion, and still darker ignorance, exclaimed suddenly, to the no small amazement of the weird sisters, "Aye, aye, you *villains*, you

may fly, but I have secured the trunks."—At another time, while he was figuring away in all the pomp of tinselled grandeur and high-sounding blank verse, as the noble Tancred, at Croydon-fair, unluckily he had the mishap to fall from a hay-loft into a stable; by which untoward accident his drapery received some additions which were not only rather unsightly, but at the same time not very grateful to the smell. The hero's mischance occasioned a delay, and the audience became impatient: but, when poor Tancred's tale was told, pity succeeded displeasure, and his return was hailed with loud plaudits, which enabled him to become "himself again." At length he was engaged by Foote for the Haymarket, and happening to play *Beau Mordecai* in *Love à la mode*, for Shuter's benefit, he performed the part so much to the satisfaction of the author, that he recommended him strongly to Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent-Garden, where he gradually rose into favour and reputation, sustaining a variety of characters with infinite humour, and contributing essentially to the success of every new comedy, opera, and farce, that was exhibited on that stage for a series of years. We believe he was near thirty seasons at this theatre.

About nine or ten years ago, 'for something or for nothing' he quitted his situation at Covent Garden. His emoluments had for some time been considerable, and, knowing the value of independence, he had so prudently husbanded his profits, that from the metropolitan stage he retired a *rich man;* and resolving not again to grow poor he occasionally performs on the provincial boards.

In 1801 he played several nights at Drury Lane, during the engagement of Mrs. Billington.

Mr. Quick, when joint-manager of the Bristol theatre, married a clergyman's daughter, by whom he has two children. He is fast approaching sixty, but we are happy to understand that he enjoys at this moment as good health and spirits as at any period of his life.

The following is a list of the characters of which he was the original representative.

Invasion Sir I. Evergreen. *Modern Antiques* Cockletop
Barataria - Sanco Pança. *Patrick in Prussia* - Quiz.
Crotchet Lodge Truncheon. *Robin Hood* - Little John.
Poor Vulcan - - - Crump. *Highland Reel* - M'Gilpin.

Belle's Stratagem - Hardy.
Bold Stroke for a Husband Don Cæsar.
Which is the Man? Pendragon.
Crusade - - - - - Bantam.
Such Things are Sir Luke Tremor.
Wild Oats Sir G. Thunder.
Two Misers - - - - Gripe.
Doldrum - Old Septimus.
Life's Vagaries - Dickens.
Tom Thumb King Arthur.
Road to Ruin - - - Silky.
Widow of Delphi - Megadorus.
He would be a Soldier Sir Oliver Oldstock.
Cure for the Heart Ache Vortex.
Rage - Sir Paul Perpetual.
Speculation Justice Arable.
She Stoops to Conquer Tony Lumpkin.
Rivals - - - - - - - - Acres.
Way to get Married Toby Allspice.
Deserted Daughter - Item.
False Impressions - Doctor Scud.
Every one has his Fault - Solus.
Secrets worth knowing - - Nicolas Rue.
He's much to blame - Lord Vibrate.
Wives as they were - Lord Priory.
Duenna - Isaac Mendoza.
Castle of Andalusia Spado.
Travellers in Switzerland - Daniel.
Woodman Sir W. Waring.
Animal Magnetism Doctor.
Fashionable Levities - Sir Buzzard.
Lie of the Day - - Alibi.
Abroad and at Home - Sir Simon Flourish.
Golden Pippen - - Momus.
World in a Village Allbut.
Retaliation - Old Probate.
How to grow rich Smalltrade.
Mysteries of the Castle - - Fractioso.
Fortune's Fool Sir Bamber Blackletter.
Bon Ton - - - - - - Davy.
Hartford Bridge Sir Gregory Forrester.
Fontainbleau - - -Lapoche
Romance of an Hour - - - Orson.
Midnight Hour - General.
Country Madness - - Zorobabel.

His last new part was in the *Eccentric Lover*, an unsuccessful comedy by Mr. Cumberland.

CARLO MARATTA.

"On the 29th May, 1803, the second son of the Duke de Cefarini attempted to carry off the daughter of the famous painter Carlo Maratta, as she was going to church, attended by four armed men; the young gentle-

woman defending herself, and making resistance, was wounded in the head and face, as was also her mother, who held her in her arms. The pope being made acquainted with it, ordered a party of soldiers and sbirries to surround the palace of Cefarini, but they came too late, for the criminal had time to make his escape, by the way of Tivoli, into the kingdom of Naples: some that assisted him (however) in that action are taken up and imprisoned."

Monthly Register, 4to. June, 1703.

So remarkable a circumstance does not appear to have been recorded by the biographers of this illustrious painter. It has been transmitted to us by a LOVER OF THE ARTS, resident at *Lichfield*.

THE EMPIRE OF AVA

CONVERTED TO THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET.

AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

PART I.

WHO has not heard of the Empire of Ava? The invincible Kien-Hang reigned there a hundred and fifty years ago. He was descended in a direct line from a cousin of Tohi, and a female cousin of Vishnou; he was a wise and penetrating monarch, and therefore bore the title of the *Light of the Lights who illuminate the East.*

The Turkish historians have recorded that Kien-Hang resembled the Sultan Soleiman, one of the greatest of the Ottoman emperors, and the wisest of men. Kien-Hang had numberless wives, besides concubines, but they did not always succeed in amusing him. It was customary in the empire of Ava to express *ennui* by gaping very wide, and repeating this symptom frequently; and the emperor conformed to the usages of his country.

Among all his women, there was but one who could remove this desire of frequently gaping. Her name was Nahela, a little Cochin-Chinese, who, though yet very young, had not only felt the influence of love, but also

some of the pains and dangers which accompany that passion.

The wise emperor was very knowing, it is true; but he knew not every thing; he had never imagined, for instance, that Nahela had imbibed the rudiments of a liberal education in a conservatory of *Baiaderes*, that an enterprizing young Cochin-Chinese had run away with her from thence; nor that she was surprized one day as she was amusing herself, according to the practice of her country, with fishing, by some pirates, who carried her off as their prize. They respected, however, her sex; and she was just fifteen years old when, still a virgin, innocent, and bashful, she was sold to Kien-Hang, the emperor of Ava, the *Light of the Lights who illuminate the East.*

One day while his highness was expressing his *ennui* after the usual manner of Ava, Nahela said to him—"Why, my Lord, should you yawn thus, you who are so happy! They tell me too you have eight hundred and thirty-six wives." "Is it not enough, dear Nahela?" "It is too much, my Lord?" "Do you think so?" "Yes, I do." "Truly?" "Truly:—Besides, you are beloved by all your wives—do they *not* love you, my Lord?" "They do, Nahela! Three thousand white eunuchs, the same number of black, guard the courts and the gardens of the seraglio of Ava; an army of a hundred thousand men surrounds the avenues of my throne." "So, a hundred and six thousand men, including the eunuchs, are answerable for the love, and, doubtless, also for the fidelity of your wives.—Is this all?" "Ten thousand elephants precede my palanquin; Ava, prostrate at my feet———" "Good! I see that it is impossible that you should be deceived; I congratulate you, my lord: but, independent of these measures of precaution, tell me, I beg of you, how you *know* that your eight hundred and thirty-six wives love you?" "I know so, my sweet Nahela, just as I know that *you* love me!"

It was thus conclusively that the great Kien-Hang proved to the wife he loved best that he was beloved by all the rest of his wives. He had by this time ceased yawning, and he pressed Nahela gently in his arms. Nahela grew less bashful. She tenderly caressed the Sultan, who repeated to her two or three times that she was beautiful as the morning star, and bright as the rays

of the sun when they open the young buds of the rose of Siam.

"That's pretty enough," said Nahela to herself; "But Ta-Haider (that was the name of the young Cochin-Chinese) never made use of comparisons like these." Ta-Haider loved with more simplicity, and his manner of loving was not disagreeable to Nahela, who could not help making *her* comparisons, which, unfortunately, were not much to the advantage of the manner in which his *highness* testified his affection.

Nahela then sighed, and the tears came into her eyes. "Dearest of my wives," said the monarch, "why do you weep?"—And the dearest of his wives replied, "It is owing to love, my lord." Kien-Hang endeavoured to console her, and asked "What is there wanting to your happiness, Nahela?"——

A young Cochin-Chinese was wanting to the favourite's happiness; but she said nothing: "What is it that you desire?" continued the Sultan, "your wishes shall be instantly gratified. Would you see an elephant-chace, a procession of Fakirs, Talapoins, or Bonzes?---Oh, you prefer the Bonzes?"

Nahela, smiling, made a sign that she had no such preference: "What would you then, my child; Do you want other slaves; are you discontented with your eunuchs; or do you wish to have a greater number of them?"

"Alas! no!" Nahela was not very well satisfied with the service of her eunuchs, but she did not appear to desire any others.

One day when the Sultan had exhausted his questions and his offers, the sound of several instruments was suddenly heard in the second court of the seraglio. It proceeded from tymbals, bells, castanets, gongs; a *Ring-Rang* * in short, sufficient to break the tympanum of every ear unaccustomed to the Cochin-chinese music.

"A *Ring-Rang!*" exclaimed Nahela. "It is the ambassador from Cochin-China making his *entrée*," added Kien-Hang. "Let us go and see it," said the favourite.

The Sultan conducted her to a window, close to which

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* Mr. Barrow, in his Travels in Cochin-China, says that a chorus accompanied by these instruments is called, in the Cochin-Chinese language, *Ring-rang*. The *gong* is a Cochin-Chinese instrument.

the retinue was to pass. I want the pen of an orientalist to describe this procession. There were elephants majestically waving their trunks; Fakirs, marching gravely, with their eyes fixed on their breasts; Talapoins gamboling and leaping; Dervises, with their hands crossed, and their eyes on the ground; the ambassador, borne in a palanquin, amusing himself with a couple of apes; Cochin-Chinese nobles; people, guards, &c. &c.

What was Nahela's astonishment when, in the midst of the dervises, she saw her beloved countryman: she uttered a loud cry, which was instantly heard by Ta-Haider.

[*Part the Second in our next.*]

MELANGE.

No. V.

Chacun à son gout.

MADAME DE CORNUEL.—A lady in the country having begged Madame de Cornuel to seek a governor for her son, specifying such a number of qualifications as never came to the share of any one man; Madame de C. wrote her the following answer. "Madame, I have enquired after such a governor for your son as you have described; I have not yet found one, but I shall continue my enquiries; and I assure you that the instant I have met with one who exactly answers your description, I ——*shall marry him.*

ADDISON'S CATO.—In a Dutch translation of this tragedy, the version of the soliloquy is curious. It commences thus: "Just so,——you are very right, Mynheer Plato."

GENIUS NOT HEREDITARY.—A late eminent Lord Chancellor was remarkable for having stupid children. A confidential friend one day took the liberty of expressing his surprize, that a man of his lordship's extraordinary head should have such weak children. "Why, sir," sâid the Chancellor, "I did not get them *with my head.*"

THE PRETENDER.—In the rebellion of 1745, it is well known, that after the discomfiture of the rebels at the battle of Culloden, by the royal army under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Government issued a proclamation, in which they offered a reward of 30,000*l.* for the apprehension of the Pretender, alive or dead.

In opposition to this, the following curious paper was issued by the Pretender and his Council:

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

Regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging:

Whereas we have seen a certain scandalous and malicious paper, published in the stile and form of a Proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor, King Charles the 1st of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies, we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt: and though, from our nature and principles, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian Princes, we cannot, but out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, to him, or those, who shall seize or secure till our further orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed, or attempting to land in any part of His Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

CHARLES, P. R.

Given at our camp at Knilockeill, August 22, 1745.

By His Highness's command,

JO. MURRAY.

The original paper from which the above was copied is so rare, that I never heard of any other than that which accident lately deposited in the British Museum. The fact, however, itself is mentioned by Hume, and other historians. [*Beloe.*]

AN ESSAY ON BRUCE'S TRAVELS,

AND

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

It would be no easy task barely to enumerate all those eminent Scotsmen, who have amused the imagination, and enlightened the understanding, by exhibiting Nature under new aspects, and depicted mankind in the various stages from barbarism to refinement.

But there are some who, from the extraordinary interest excited by their adventures, and the importance of the information they communicate, obtrude themselves, as it were, upon our notice. The narratives of Lithgow, who, on foot, perambulated almost all Europe, much of Asia, and, perhaps, more of Africa than any individual of the 17th century, notwithstanding his uncouth phraseology, his antiquated prejudices, and risible self-importance, still excite interest from the *naïveté* of his manner, from the extraordinary incidents he encountered, and the vivid, lively pictures he presents of the state of society, and manners of past ages and remote countries. The vast extent of Asia traversed by Bell in his journies from Petersburg to the Courts of Ispahan, Pekin, and Constantinople, afforded him the means of collecting much solid information, which he has communicated to us, of nations less known than generally celebrated. Mackenzie, from the magnitude of his attempt, and the obstacles he had to surmount, in his journey through the vast American Continent, from the shores of the Northern Atlantic to those of the Pacific Ocean, is well entitled to the praise of daring enterprize and inflexible perseverance. The romantic spirit of adventure so happily displayed, and so fortunately achieved, by Mungo Park, in the wilds of Africa, is the theme of undivided panegyric. Great, meritorious, and useful to themselves and to their country, as have been the exertions of those intrepid Scotsmen, I cannot but think that in magnitude and importance, interest and in utility, they must yield to those of Bruce, whose unparalleled merits seem at length to be appreciated by a public ultimately impartial, in spite of the insidious arts of calumny, and the more open attacks of ignorance and prejudice. It is not my object to

expatiate upon the merits of this illustrious traveller, or enter into details respecting a performance, upon which all impartial and intelligent men never had but one opinion. Suffice it to state, that the daring, ardent spirit of enterprize that enabled him to surmount hardships and dangers without a parallel, places him *longo intervallo* at the head of all modern travellers; that the countries he traversed, by presenting subjects most important to the philosopher, the historian, and the divine, were a field the most worthy such a traveller; that he has collected, or communicated to the world, a greater mass of curious, useful, and important information than any one traveller, I may add ancient or modern; and that no one, who has accompanied him through his five large quartos, does not wish them still longer, is the best eulogium that can be pronounced upon his merits as a traveller and writer.

That malicious attempts to shade such great merit should have been made, was natural; it is to be lamented that for a time they should have been successful. A refutation of these would now be unnecessary, the public having at length rendered ample justice to his honour and veracity.—It is enough to state, that the most rigid examination has fully established the truth of every fact, even those apparently the most improbable, which he had narrated as having fallen under his observation.

Of the many attempts to injure his fame, it will not easily be forgotten, that from 1773 downwards, it was denied that he had ever visited the sources of the Nile. But the malice of the worthless Montague, and the calumnies of De Tott, soon met their refutal by the most indubitable evidence of that fact, both direct and circumstantial. The inuendoes of "*Dar Fur*" Browne, have now been proved equally groundless. With all my respect for the intrepidity and adventurous spirit of this gentleman, I cannot help thinking, that had he not failed in attempting that in which Bruce succeeded, some insinuations respecting his distinguished precursor would scarcely have found a place in his narrative.

But those, who still continue to depreciate Bruce, have now, it seems, made a most important discovery. The river, say they, whose source he reached, is not the *true* "*Nile*;" and, from this *important* discovery, they arrogate to themselves the right of venting every reproach, due to a daring successful impostor, upon his

devoted head. It is not that I think the circumstance, even if true, of much importance, as the merits of Bruce rest upon grounds too stable to be shaken by what is now a mere speculative opinion respecting the claim of one of two branches of a river to give the name to the stream which they both contribute equally to form. The following considerations have, however, operated to convince me, that even in this instance, essentially unimportant as it is, these gentlemen have not been one whit more successful than in their other *liberal*, *candid*, and *gentlemanly* strictures upon the character and veracity of my illustrious countryman.

The Bahar el Azergue, or *Blue River*, to the source of which Bruce ascended, and which, as will afterwards be shewn, not only continues to give its name to the river before and after its junction with the rival branch, but has actually done so from the remotest ages, must now, it seems, ground its claim to the little-known Bahar el Abiad, or White River, notwithstanding the evidence of name, of the opinions of all the inhabitants of the countries through which it passes, and, I conceive, all historical evidence, because the translators of Herodotus and Esdrisi, and the *modest* geographer Pinkerton, choose to assert, that Herodotus and Ptolemy, as well as the ancients in general, conceived what is now called the White River to be the true Nile, and the Blue River to be merely a paltry stream, well known to them as the Astapus. Though I am far from admitting the evidence of men, confessedly knowing almost nothing of either branches, to be of the least avail when opposed to the decided testimony of the natives of Abyssinia, of Nubia, and Barbara, who most positively declare the very reverse ; yet as such weight is attached to the supposed evidence of these ancient writers, as to have induced some of our late map-makers to rob the Blue River of its long-acknowledged claims, by placing the source of the Nile in the nameless range of mountains from which the *White* River is supposed to flow, I shall shortly examine the grounds of this opinion, so boldly advanced, and, by many, so implicitly followed.

I begin this branch of the subject, by asserting with confidence, that the Nile of the ancients never was, and never could be, the Bahar el Abiad, or White River, the source of which is far to the Westward. If any one fact can be collected from all the ancient accounts, it is,

that the sources of the Nile were far to the eastward of Alexandria. It is a well-known fact, that Alexander, accompanied by numbers of the most eminent *Savans* of Greece, imagined he had discovered these *coy* fountains in the *Pansale*. Whence this most extraordinary mistake?—we may ask, had not the ancients universally believed that the Nile rose far to the east of Egypt? (In fact, India was thought to be joined to Ethiopia:) Those sent by that conqueror from Egypt to discover those fountains in the interior of Africa, it would appear, actually did, indeed must have passed over the White River, but never viewed, or were told to consider it as the true Nile. They, of course, passed on, leaving the true Nile far to the left, and, consequently, returned without success. The Ptolemy who entered Ethiopia with an army, and who, of all men, could procure the most authentic information respecting the Sacred River, sought these sources, not in Lybia, nor even in Nubia, but somewhere near the Red Sea, or, what is now called, the Indian Ocean. Indeed, he seems to have taken the Tacazze (anciently the Astaberas) for the Nile, a proof, at least, of the general belief of these fountains being far to the eastward.

In fact, Ptolemy, the geographer, whose authority is chiefly relied on by Pinkerton and Co. and whose statements shall be afterwards commented upon, confirms this proposition. The marsh, or lake, from which his Nile issues, is expressly called by him Oriental, *i. e.* in regard to Alexandria, of which he was an inhabitant. Indeed, from what he mentions respecting the voyage of a Diogenes, who was, it seems, driven from what is now called Cape Gardefan to near Quilva, or Rapta, it is clear, that it was the universal opinion of the ancients, and, indeed, the only opinion regarding the sources in which they did agree, that the great lake, from whence the Nile flowed, was far to the eastward of Alexandria, or Memphis.

The account given by Herodotus of what he heard from certain inhabitants of the interior, no way affects the truth of this proposition. The recent discoveries of Horneman and others have put it beyond a doubt, that the great river running to the east in their country was, and only could be, the river now called (nobody knows why) the *Niger*. But of this historian I shall speak in his proper place.

All, indeed, that the ancients really did know concerning the Nile was merely, that it flowed from a vast lake or lakes far south, and to the eastward of Egypt. They could not, of course, have the least idea of the *Bahar el Abiad* or *White River* being that river, seeing its source is far to the westward of Egypt, and it does not appear that it flows from any lake or marsh whatever. The *White River*, therefore, if really known to the ancients, never was considered to be their Nile.

Indeed, the Greek writers seem to have known three rivers, the names of them at least, which contribute to form the Nile. These were the main stream itself, the *Astaberas* and *Astapus*; and, even these, they only appear to have heard of, from their connection with the celebrated *Meroe*. It is upon the supposition that the river Mr. Bruce ascended was the "*Astapus*" of Ptolemy, that are founded all those impertinencies against his character, and those bold averments, now become current, of his having mistaken an insignificant stream for the main branch of the Nile. It is of importance, therefore, in this branch of the discussion, to ascertain what and where is the Astapus of Ptolemy and his followers.

The Astaberas, (now the Tacazze) from its proximity to Egypt, seems to have been tolerably well known to the ancient geographers. It seems to have been intimately connected with another river, though subordinate in importance, called the *Astosabas*, which was, we have the authority of *Eratosthenes*, as quoted by Strabo, occasionally, indeed indiscriminately, called by that name and *Astapus*. In fact, this Astosabas, or Astapus, is neither more nor less than the present *Mareb*, which though trifling of itself, yet, as running near to *Meum*, the ancient capital of a great kingdom, thence acquired an accessary consequence, and came to be considered as of almost equal consequence with the Astaberas itself, into which it falls.

To establish this point, by reference to authorities, is superfluous, since Ptolemy himself, the very author on whose authority the whole theory of Pinkerton and Co. depends, positively determines the question. His *Astapus* rises out of the *Coloen Lake*, or marsh of *Coloe*. Now this very lake or marsh of Coloe *was situated betwixt the Red Sea and the river Astaberas, now Tacazze*. The mountains of that name, the inhabitants of that

district, a thousand circumstances, establish this most decided point. Ptolemy also most positively declares, that the Astaberas and Astapus join above Meroe; we all know that the Mareb joins the Tacazze, before the latter falls into the Nile. How the Astapus of Ptolemy, (clearly the Mareb,) has become the great river of Abyssinia, three times greater than both the Astaberas and Astapus, is left to the ingenuity of Pinkerton and his followers to determine.

Indeed, the authority of Ptolemy, were it not for the idle theories reared upon it, is of very little weight. It is pretty clear, from his own statement, that he knew himself nothing of the matter. The sources of the Nile, in the Mountains of the Moon (he might as well have said the neck of the ram,) he places in 14 S. L.: the Niger he makes to issue from the same lake &c. *Now* we are taught to believe that his information was received from certain Indians, who had read accounts, probably derived from the fables of Egyptian priests who had emigrated to India perhaps so far back as the irruption of the shepherds, or, perhaps, during the massacres of Cambyses. Were these traditions worth reasoning upon, (as stated by Captain Wilford) they would be found rather to strengthen my hypothesis. It might easily be shewn, even from his own quotations from the Puranas, that in his Essay upon Egypt and the Nile, Mr. Wilford has mistaken the rivers, and that his *Nanda* is merely the Tacazze, and his Little Chrishna and Sanca-Naga the Mareb; the latter, which he will have the Tacazze, issues from a lake, which that river does not do: But it is needless to multiply proofs that his Little Chrishna, Sanca-Naga, and Nanda, can only be the Mareb and Tacazze, or, perhaps, another small stream in that quarter. The *Lingam* and city, erected at the confluence of the Nanda and Cali, (or Nile,) he is obliged to place at the confluence of the Tacazze and Nile, (Little Chrishna and Cali,) at some hundred miles distant from the spot where, were Bruce's river the Nanda, it ought to have been.

But to what extent Ptolemy availed himself of the information derived from those learned Indians he had conversed with at Alexandria, it is of little importance now to enquire. The Puranas and Ptolemy agree that the *Astaberas* and *Astapus* are united (the Nanda and Little Chrishna of the former) before they join the Nile.

Now, were the river of Abyssinia the Astapus, how could such a circumstance ever be asserted, so grossly wide of truth, as its running into the Tacazze, rivers between which there is as much space, and as many other rivers, as between the Thames and the Forth. The Puranas, indeed, make their rivers afterwards separate, and, it may be, Ptolemy, from thence, took the absurd idea of making his *Astaberas* and *Astapus*, after running a long time together, afterwards to separate, the one running east, and the other west, to join the Nile. The idea of two large rivers uniting, running together in a nameless channel, then separating, and each retaining its own name, and all its own waters, is too absurd to comment upon. It might be occasioned from an opinion that *Meroe* was an island, in the modern sense of the word; that as it was a well-known fact that the Astapus did join the Astaberas near or at Meroe, and as a river, like the Astapus, did there, or nearly so, run to the Nile in a western course, and, thus, almost insulate that tract of country *we now suppose* to have been Meroe, which river might from ignorance, topographical errors, the confused accounts of unenlightened travellers, or the narratives of ignorant natives, sometimes have been mistaken for the true Astapus: in a word, the river *Dender*, which actually does join the Nile to the westward, and is one of the boundaries of Meroe, might have received the name of Astaberas or Astapus by those ignorant of the true river of that name, and thus have given rise to the monstrous supposition of the Astapus joining, afterwards separating from, and again joining the Nile far to the westward of the Astaberas. It is only upon this or some such grounds, that any thing like truth can be extracted from the accounts of Ptolemy respecting *Meroe*, or of the rivers Astaberas and Astapus that bound it. It is perfectly evident that the Mareb, which joins the Tacazze, was the original Astapus: if there be any truth in the accounts of Ptolemy, we are obliged to suppose that the Dender might at first, from ignorance, similarity of size and appearance, have that name also bestowed upon it, and, at last, be supposed to be the very individual river which had already joined the Astaberas. Thus only could Meroe be, what it really is, almost entirely surrounded by rivers, and thence be considered as an island.

[*To be resumed next Month.*]

THE PARLIAMENT.

ON THE DIGNITY, POWER, AND AUTHORITY OF THE PARLIAMENT, AND OF THE ORDERS OBSERVED THEREIN.

THE parliament is the highest, chiefest, and greatest court, that is or can be within the realm; for it consisteth of the whole realm; which is divided into three estates; that is, to wit, the king, the nobles, and the commons; every of which estates are subject to all such orders as are concluded and established in parliament.

These three estates may jointly, and with one consent or agreement, establish and enact any laws, orders, and statutes for the commonwealth; but being divided, and one swerving from the other, they can do nothing, for the king, though he be the head, yet alone cannot make any law, nor yet the king and his lords only; nor yet the king and his commons alone; neither yet can the lords and the commons without the king, do any thing of avail. And, yet nevertheless, if the king in due order have summoned all his lords and barons, and they will not come, or if they come they will not appear, or if they come and appear yet will not do or yield to any thing, then the king, with the consent of his commons, (who are represented by his knights, citizens, and burgesses,) may ordain and establish any act or law, which are as good, sufficient, and effectual, as if the lords had given their consent.

But on the contrary, if the commons be summoned, and will not come, or coming will not appear, or appearing will not consent to do any thing, alledging some just weighty, and great cause, the king (in these cases) cannot with his lords devise, make, or establish any law; the reasons are these: When parliaments were first begun, and ordained, there were no prelates or barons of the parliament, and the temporal lords were very few or none, and then the king and his commons did make a full parliament, which authority hitherto was never abridged. Again, every baron in parliament doth represent but his own person, and speaketh on behalf of himself alone.

But in the knights, citizens, and burgesses, are represented the commons of the whole realm; and every of these giveth, not consent only for himself, but for all

those also for whom he is sent. And the king, with the consent of his commons, had ever a sufficient and full authority to make, ordain, and establish good and wholesome laws for the commonwealth of this realm. Wherefore the lords, being lawfully summoned, and yet refusing to come, sit or consent in parliament, cannot by their folly abridge the king and the commons of their lawful proceedings in parliament.

The lords and commons, in time past, did sit all in one house; but, for the avoiding of confusion, they be now divided into two several houses; and yet, nevertheless, they are of like and equal authority, every person of either of the said houses being named and counted a peer of the realm, (for the time of the parliament) that is to say, equal; for *par* is equal. And therefore the opinion, censure, and judgment of a mean burgess, is of as great avail, as is the best lord's, no regard being had to the party who speaketh, but the matter that is spoken.

They be also called peers, as it were fathers; for pére is a father; by which is meant, that all such as be of the parliament should be ancient, grave, wise, learned, and expert men of the land; for such were the senators of Rome, and called *patres conscripti*; for the wisdom and care that was in them in governing the commonwealth. They are also called counsellors, because they are assembled and called to the parliament for their advice and good counsel in making and devising all such good orders and laws as may be for the commonwealth.

They, therefore, which make choice of knights, citizens, and burgesses, ought to be well advised, that they do elect and choose such as, being to be of that assembly, and thereby equal with the great estates, should be grave, ancient, wise, learned, expert and careful men for their commonwealth, and who (as faithful and trusty counsellors) should do that which should turn and be for the best commodity of the commonwealth; otherwise they do great injury to their prince and the commonwealth.

Also, every person of the parliament, during the times of the parliament; and at his coming and going from the same, is free from all troubles, arrests and molestations; no action or suit taking effect, which, during that time, is begun, entered, or commenced against him, in what court soever the same be, except in cases

of treason, murder and felony, and except all executions in law awarded and granted before the beginning of parliament.

Also, every person, having voices in parliament, hath free liberty of speech to speak his mind, opinion and judgment, to any matter proposed, or of himself to propose any matter for the commodity of the prince and of the commonwealth; but, having once spoken to any bill, he may speak no more for that time.

Also, every person once elected and chosen a knight, citizen, or burgess, and returned, cannot be dismissed out of that house; but being admitted, shall have his place and voice there, if he be a layman. But if by error a man *of the clergy* is chosen, then he ought and shall be *dismissed*; also, if he be excommunicated, outlawed or infamous.

Also, every one of these members ought to be incorrupt, no briber, nor taker of any rewards, gifts, or money either for devising of any bill, or for speaking of his mind, but to do all things uprightly, and in such sort as is best for the king and commonwealth.

Also, every one ought to be of a quiet, honest, and gentle behaviour; none taunting, checking, or misusing another in any unseemly words or deeds, but, all affections set apart, to do and endeavour, in wisdom, sobriety, and knowledge, that which that place requireth.

Also, if any one do offend or misbehave himself, he is to be corrected and punished by the advice and order of the residue of the house.

Also, all the prisons, wards, jails within the realm, and the keepers of the same, are at the commandment of the parliament for the custody and safe keeping, or punishment, of all and every such prisoners, as shall be sent to any of them by the said parliament houses, or any of them; howbeit, most commonly the Tower of London is the prison which is most used.

Also, if any one of the parliament house be served, sued, arrested, or attacked by any writ, attachment, or minister of the King's Bench, Common Pleas, Chancery, or what court soever within this realm, the party so troubled and making complaint thereof to the parliament house, then forthwith a serjeant at arms is to be sent to the said court, not only advertising that the party so molested is one of the parliament house, but also inhibiting and commanding the officers of the said

court to call in the said process, and not to deal any further against the said party; for the parliament being the highest court, all other courts are inferior, and yield and give place to the same.

Also, as every one of the parliament house is free for his own person for all manner of suits to be commenced against him, so are all his servants free, and not to be troubled or molested, but being troubled, they have the like remedy, as the master hath or may have.

Also, no manner of person, being not one of the parliament house, ought to enter or come within the house, as long as the sitting is there, upon pain of imprisonment, or such other punishment as by the house shall be ordered and adjudged.

Also, every person of the parliament ought to keep secret, and not to disclose the secrets and things done and spoken in the parliament house, to any manner of person, unless he be one of the same house, upon pain to be sequestered out of the house, or otherwise punished, as by the order of the house shall be appointed.

Also, none of the parliament house ought to depart from the parliament without special leave obtained from the speaker of the house, and the same his licence should be also recorded.

Also, no person, being not of the parliament house, ought to come into the same during the sitting of the same; so every one coming into the same, oweth a duty and reverence to be given when he entereth and cometh in.

If a baron or lord come and enter into the higher house, he ought to do his obeisance before the cloth of estate, and so take his place.

Also, when he speaketh, he ought to stand bareheaded, and speak his mind plainly, sensibly, and in decent order.

If any come in message, or be sent for to the higher house, they must stay at the inner door until they be called in; and then, being entered, must first make their obeisance; which done, they go to the lower end of the house, and there stay until they be called; and being called, they must first make one low courtesy, and obeisance, and going forwards must, in the middle way, make one other low courtesy; and then, being come forth to the bar, must make the third courtesy, the like must be done at the departure.

Also, when any knight, citizen, or burgess, doth enter or come into the lower house, he must make his dutiful and humble obeisance at his entry in, and then take his place. And you shall understand, that as every such person ought to be grave, wise, and expert, so ought he to shew himself in his apparel; for, in times past, none of the counsellors of the parliament came otherwise than in his gown*, and not armed nor girded with a weapon. For the parliament house is a place for wise, grave, and good men, to consult, debate, and advise, how to make laws, and order for the commonwealth, and not to be armed as men ready to fight, or to try matters by the sword. And albeit the writ for the election of the knights have express words to choose such for knights as be girded with the sword, yet it is not meant thereby that they should come and sit armed, but be such as be skilful in feats of arms, and, besides their good advices, can well serve in martial affairs; and thus the Roman senators used, who, being men of great knowledge and experience, as well in martial affairs as in politic causes, sat always in the senate house and places of council in their gowns and long robes. The like also was always, and hath been the order in the parliament of this realm, as long as the ancient laws, the old customs, and good order thereof, were kept and observed.

If any other person or persons, either in message or being sent for, do come, he ought to be brought in by the serjeant, and at the first entering must (following the serjeant) make one low obeisance, and being part in the middle way, must make one other; and when he is come before the speaker, he must make the third, and then do his message: the like order he must keep in his return. But if he do come alone, or with his learned counsel to plead any matter, or answer to any objections, he shall enter, and go no farther than to the bar within the door, and there do his three obeisances.

When any bill is committed, the committees have not authority to conclude, but only to order, reform, examine and amend the thing committed unto them;

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* From a motion that was made in the House of Commons in the year 1613, it appears, that the members in the last parliaments of Elizabeth wore gowns.

and of their doings they must give report to the house again, by whom the bill is to be considered.

Every bill, which is brought into the house, must be read three several times, and upon three several days. And a bill, which upon any reading is committed and returned again, ought to have its three readings, unless the committees have not altered the bill in any substance or form, but only in certain words. Also, when any bill upon any reading is altogether by one consent rejected, or by voices after the third reading overthrown, it ought not to be brought any more to be read during that session of parliament.

If any man do speak unto a bill, and be out of his matter, he ought to be put in remembrance of the matter by the speaker only, and by none other, and be willing to come to the matter.

Whensoever any person doth speak to any bill, he ought to stand up, and to be bare-headed, and then with all reverence, gravity, and seemly speech, to declare his mind. But whensoever any bill shall be tried, either for allowances or to be rejected, then every one ought to sit, because he is then as a judge.

Also, every knight, citizen, and burgess, before he do enter into the parliament, and take his place there, ought to be sworn and to take his oath, acknowledging the king to be the supreme and only governor of all the estates within the realm, as also to renounce all foreign potentates.

[*From a Paper written in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.*]

THE ARTS.

No. VI.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CHALK MANNER OF ENGRAVING.

" The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools."

Mr. CONDUCTOR,

EVERY man that has made the most trifling approaches towards refinement, must observe with pleasure,

that for some time past the Fine Arts in this country have, more than at any former period, engaged the public attention; many of the first characters in the united kingdom, fully aware of the advantages which the arts confer on mankind, and on commercial nations in particular, have with an equal spirit of liberality and patriotism, nobly stepped forward to encourage those arts, and to rescue British genius from the bonds with which it has hitherto been shackled. While these enlightened men are munificently fostering the fine arts, that our manufacturers may reap that benefit from them which they can derive from no other source, some interested and ignorant individuals, have been busily employed in degrading one branch of them, in order to raise another upon its ruins. Mr. Landseer, Mr. Josiah Boydell, and the Rev. Mr. Forster, have particularly distinguished themselves in their attacks on the chalk, or dotting manner of engraving; those gentlemen have assumed that most perilous situation, the throne of criticism, have become arbiters of taste, and, to the extent of their power, directors of public opinion. If their criticisms are founded in judgment and *real* knowledge, they will, if properly appreciated, be of great benefit to mankind; but, if they originate in error, in undigested principles hastily adopted, and unwittingly propagated, and if above all, the propagators of those opinions are placed in such situations as are likely to give them a credit and currency, and if, to add to those evils, they are swayed by interest, or warped by prejudice, the mischief done to true art may be incalculable; then not only their opinions, but their pretensions to give them, become fair matter of public investigation.

The chalk manner of engraving has for near fifty years been a candidate for public favor and patronage, equally with the other methods of engraving, and has most certainly received as great a share of encouragement. Whilst those different modes of art rested on their own merits; whilst they came before the world with neither more nor less than the value the talents of their different professors could give them, they were in their natural and proper state; the highest and last tribunal, the judgment of the public, was to decide on their respective merits; thus engaged in a fair competition the chalk manner of engraving has maintained a firmness of footing that has offended the jealous disposition of some,

and prejudiced the interest of others. What the graver has found impossible to perform, that readier instrument the pen is called in aid to effect, and there have been many feeble, though systematic attempts, to write it into insignificance and disgrace. The professors of this art have advanced nothing in its favor, they have silently and studiously pursued their course, resting their pretensions to public support on their legitimate productions only; they have patiently borne the contumely of the ignorant, the insults of the malevolent, the invectives of the interested, and without resistance have suffered their profession to be degraded, and their means of existence injured so long, that further forbearance becomes pusillanimity. It is now time that such ungenerous and unjust conduct should be resisted.

In consequence of the appointment of Mr. Landseer to the lectureship on engraving at the Royal Institution, his opinions gained a credit and a currency, that his abilities would never have procured them in any other situation. The man *was chosen to be a teacher*; and whatever ignorance the electors might have shewn in making such a choice, a credit and dignity were in some degree reflected on him by his office. In his lectures he asserts that chalk engraving was on its original introduction into England run after with avidity, because it was *new*, for it was a sort of retrograde and degenerate novelty. "Ryland and novelty (says he) led the way, and fashion and Bartolozzi followed it."

Mr. Landseer proceeds through four pages, stigmatizing this art in an idle and unqualified way, without adducing one proof in support of his assertions, and then says: "At length this interesting art (of which if I *seem*, I *only* seem to make sport,) fetching a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when as a means of translating pictures it is more worthy than ever of being pursued."

Nothing can more fully expose the *palpable obscure* and the gross contradiction of Mr. Landseer's manner of writing, than the comparison of what we have before cited with this quotation; we leave the task to him of reconciling "retrograde and degenerate novelty," with "this interesting art fetching noble bounds." He then goes on thus: "Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various, extensive, and richer tracts than it

was formerly known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time." Whether Mr. Landseer means that, *after* having written his four pages to expose this "degenerate novelty," he discovered those "richer tracts," we cannot determine. It must be remembered that all these contradictions are contained in his third lecture; he afterwards delivers three more lectures to his auditors, and publishes the whole of them, without ever noticing those "*richer tracts*," and consequently his abuse of this art is sent into the world unqualified by any mention of its merits.

Now let us examine how far Mr. Landseer is competent to talk in this dictatorial and dogmatical manner of any mode of art whatever; and to come to this knowledge we are naturally led to an examination of the works of art *he* has produced, and the talents he has therein displayed; and also HOW *those works of art have been produced.* He is only known to artists as a vignette landscape engraver; in this minor walk of art it must be confessed he has given proofs of some talent, united with much prettiness of execution, and had he confined his lectures to that part of the art which he had actually, and creditably practised, he might have exhibited some claim to attention; but, unfortunately this man, who has spent his time among fore-grounds, back-grounds, foliage, and stumps of trees (the mere secondary objects in an historical engraving) with unhallowed hand approaches the human figure, and without putting off his sandals, enters the holy of the antique.

From Aristotle and Longinus to Addison and Johnson, every sound critic in literature has been able to write well himself. Those men could perform well, and were thence enabled to judge of the performances of others. If this be true in literature, how much more necessary in art! for, the artist has no means of acquiring knowledge, but by the very *act* of drawing, which is only to be obtained, as Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, by a *variety of arts.* By this indispensible and only criterion, let Mr. Landseer's claim to the elevated chair of criticism be tried.

Has Mr. Landseer ever as an artist studied the human figure? Has he ever drawn from the antique? Will any man prove that he has ever made one solitary effort? does any work in his own art, actually performed by

himself, prove his knowledge of the insertion, form, or termination of any one muscle in the human frame? yet he expatiates most learnedly on the anatomical excellence of Andrea Mantegna, and with rapture on the pure outline of Mark Antonio.

It is very difficult to prove a negative, but we will give the most presumptive evidence of Mr. Landseer's entire ignorance of those matters, on which with so much confidence he holds forth.

In engraving, as in painting, the genuine artist may be assisted by persons of inferior abilities to his own, but in each art the help must come in the middle of the performance. Was there ever an engraver possessing the first and most essential requisites of his art, drawing, who suffered another to fix his outline on his plate, or to put the finishing touches to it? No, never. Mr. Landseer, according to the current terms of the day, has engraved historical subjects, and portraits; at least his name is prefixed to plates of this character, with the addition of *sculpsit*. Dare Mr. Landseer tell the world what parts of those plates are his own performance? Will he claim any essential part of any historical subject or portrait to which his name is annexed? To come to particulars—his *Michael* from Loutherbourg, in Macklin's Bible—did he etch the outline of the figure upon the plate, or the internal parts of it? Did he put the finishing touches to it? Let Mr. Landseer reply to these questions in the affirmative, and then he shall be confronted. What assistance had he in the intermediate parts? Alas! no man except the political Mr. Landseer can answer that question.

Some years ago the admirers of the Fine Arts were *gratified* with an engraved portrait of Buonoparte, from a drawing by Mr. Craig, after a picture in the possession of Mr. Cosway. As Mr. Landseer had a joint property in this work, interest alone would be sufficient to prompt him to give to the world, in this performance, his best abilities. Directly over the head of this *apostle of liberty* is seen the full sun of science, darting its meridian rays across the Alps; striking with lightning the tiara, and other emblems of popish superstition: the whole is blazoned with owls, eagles, and olive branches, which shew how much faith ought to be placed in the predictions of emblematical soothsayers. We will say nothing on this insult to the loyalty and patriotism of the country, but

at once declare this portrait to be one of the most wretched specimens of art that the age has produced; and, although it was done covertly, and in a corner, it has long been before the world; therefore, let every man judge for himself, for it is beneath our criticism. If this gentleman has judgment to impart to others, why did he not on this occasion exert it for himself?—Why did he suffer this lump of inanity to see the light? But he goes farther, he fathers it. He declares himself to the world to be the engraver of it. Were we inclined to degrade Mr. Landseer as an artist, we should leave his reputation to sink under the *dead* weight of this load of stupidity; but we will be exactly just, we will declare that he did *not* engrave this portrait. Bad as it is, his powers are not equal to such a production: it was the first essay of a * young man just emerged from his pupillage. Some of the ornamental parts to this portrait bear marks of the prettiness of Mr. Landseer's tooling, for in those inferior walks of art he may boast some elegance; but taking this ornament as a whole, it is a puny effort, and bears no marks of the genuine artist.

We have shewn how Mr. Landseer produces historical engravings and portraits; let us now inquire into the source from which he derives his knowledge of the antique, of which he makes such a mighty pother, a pother that doubtless gained the admiration of the young misses at the Royal Institution, but which we can assure him will never arrest the attention of any man deserving the name of artist. He has the honour of Mr. Fuseli's acquaintance, and in hopping about at Somerset House, he may have picked up a few crumbs that have fallen from that *rich man*'s table; but will this little artifice of chattering by rote, make him a Fuseli, or furnish him with the powers of passing judgment on the works of other men by that classical criterion, the best works of ancient masters? Such men are followers of Fuseli and the antique as "*one here in Englande did follow Syr Thomas More, who being most unlike unto hym in wit and learnyng, nevertheless in wearing his gowne awrye upon the one shoulder, as Syr Thomas*

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* This young man has since produced many things highly creditable to him as an artist, and is now justly ashamed of what this man of judgment was not ashamed to own.

More was wont to do, would nedes be counted like unto hym."*

Mr. Landseer has with great feeling and animation deplored the present state of engraving: he has fairly shewn that, whilst the artists alone had the management and publication of their own works, their art flourished, and that Englishmen as engravers then rose superior to all the world; but when ignorant *capital*, personified as a printseller, took the helm, this noble fabric became a wreck. In this part of his work Mr. Landseer becomes eloquent; his arguments are irresistible, and so they ought to be; for, as a proof of all that he has written, Mr. Macklin put into his hands the *St. John*, from the immortal hand of West, to make an engraving from for his Bible. Why did Mr. Landseer forget to give this decisive proof of the incapacity of the printsellers to conduct the publication of works of art? Here we see what this gentleman triumphantly calls "the Virgilian line," and the excellence it is capable of; here we see by comparing this St. John with Mr. Landseer's other historical subjects in the same work, what variety of foreign powers he called in to his assistance, and here do we see a specimen of the modern method of book-making, in which men can write with great depth of knowledge on arts which they can neither perform themselves, nor teach others how to execute.

This unfortunate mode of art has another enemy in the formidable Mr. Josiah Boydell, and luckily for it, specimens of the judgment of this doughty hero of the brush have been long before the public. That motley collection of painting, the Shakspeare Gallery, which contained works that would have honoured the best ages of the arts, and have disgraced the worst, was enriched with emanations from the mind of this *distinguished* painter; to say they were of the very lowest order of this heterogeneous assemblage, might be disputed, but that they bore a conspicuous part in what disgraced the collection, must be admitted by every man possessing the least knowledge of art. Poverty of style, and plentiful lack of intellect are their attributes; they are the puny abortions of an enfeebled mind; it would be an insult

* Vide Roger Ascham's Schoolmaster, 1586.

to common sense, to point out the particulars of their unworthiness.

The last person we shall honour with our notice, who has attacked this art, is the rev. Edward Forster, A. M. F. R. S. and S. A. chaplain to the duke of Newcastle; biographer of artists; critic on pictures, and historian of paintings; translator of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and Don Quixote; and speculator in plays and farces. This reverend gentleman asserts that a style of engraving has been frequently practised in England, called the chalk, or dotted style: this mode, he says, has been sometimes employed in historical subjects, either when early publications or cheapness was required, from the ease and rapidity with which it is executed, but it is a mode so decidedly inferior to that of the line engraving, that few collectors ever admit it into their cabinets, and indeed no engraver of any celebrity ever used or practised it from choice, as the superiority of the line is well known to them.

The reverend gentleman asserts, in the prospectus of the British Gallery of Engraving, that two motives have principally induced the proprietors to engage in this laborious and expensive work, *their love for the fine arts*, and their wish that this country should give birth to the most complete and perfect work of the kind ever executed. These are the assertions of a minister of the gospel, and it must be confessed that the motives are as liberal and praiseworthy as can be conceived; but it will be necessary to caution our readers against a snake in the grass, that this disciple of truth has somehow or other forgot to uncover; for many of them will not be aware, that a work of the very same nature, and at the same time, is carrying on under the superintendance of * Henry Tresham, Esq. a member of the Royal Academy: the historical and descriptive part to be written by William Ottley, Esq. *the whole of which is to be engraved in the chalk manner.* A very little discernment will enable us to discover this

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* Mr. Forster's antipathy to the chalk style of engraving, we can have no doubt, is considerably increased by the galling reflection, that the conductors of the rival work are men with whose powers the public are well acquainted. Mr. Tresham is generally honoured as an artist of very great professional celebrity, and Mr. Ottley is well known to artists and connoisseurs, both here and on the continent, by his exquisite knowledge of the old masters, and by many sublime inventions and actual productions in art from his own pencil.

gentleman's antipathy to this mode of engraving. His spirit of trade cannot brook the idea of having a rival. He dreads the powers of his opponents, which he is well assured are superior to his own, and fearing that the artists employed in the work in which he is engaged are not able to cope with those employed by his antagonists, he endeavours to prejudice the public mind, not daring to trust to a fair and honorable competition, not daring to trust the issue to the real merits of the different modes of engraving, and the abilities of the respective artists employed in them. We shall take the liberty of reminding this reverend gentleman of the fable of the fox, that possessed himself of the holes of the badgers by stinking them out of their habitations.

Of his knowledge in art we know nothing; how was he to acquire it? Helvetius justly observes, that for a man to be truly learned in any particular art or science, presupposes an ignorance of many others. In this he is borne out by the old adage, "Art is long, and life is short." We have sedulously given this son of the church all his honours, and dispute none of them, except in that art in which we are a little conversant, and to which we are allied—painting. We have found that a life devoted to the study of this noble art without practice, does not enable us to become critics on its great professors. We will give him credit for his knowledge of divinity, by inspiration; for his information as a member of the Royal Society, by intuition; for his learning as an antiquarian, by conjuration; for a translator, by genius; and for a speculator in plays and farces, by interest; but before we can give him credit as a critic on painting, he must prove to us that he can paint well himself. His translation from the Arabic is through the medium of M. Galland; let him tell us through what medium his knowledge of painting is derived, and then we shall know how it ought to be appreciated, and what portion of faith should be attached to his lucubrations.

[*To be continued.*]

ON MAKING A FIGURE:

WITH TWO PICTURES OF HUMAN MEANNESS.

I HAVE read of a squib, which was represented bursting with this motto under it, *peream dum luceam*—"let

me perish, if I do but shine." The same motto will do for all, who dissipate their substance by *shining* or *figuring* with shew and equipage.

All mankind would *make a figure*. To aspire to stations above us, is a maxim universally adopted; yet perhaps the truest wisdom and the surest happiness is, to cultivate well the rank in which we are born. Why should any man covet to raise and distinguish himself farther, than his real well-being may make necessary?* A mark of distinction is, in general, no better than a mark for human malice to shoot at.

There are various ways of *making a figure*, according to Lord Melcombe. In a mean traffic with the Duke of Newcastle for court-preferment, the meanest perhaps that ever was trusted upon paper, he says—"The Duke must think, that 2000*l.* a year would not make my fortune, with one foot in the grave; that, as to rank, I have as much respect for the peerage as any man; but that in my situation, without succession direct or collateral, a peerage to me was not worth the expence of new painting my coach." He told the Duke, nevertheless, that, though he *had one foot in the grave*, he was *determined* to *make* some sort of *figure* in life: "I earnestly wish it may be under your Grace's protection; but, if that cannot be, I must *make* some *figure*. What it will be, I cannot determine yet: I must look about me a little, and consult my friends; but some *figure* I am resolved to *make*."—Ovid and Horace, though related to a court, have both expressed themselves, as if to live and die unknown were the first of arts: certainly to do so would be better, than to *make* such a *figure* as this. Should

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* When an husbandman claimed kinship with Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested from him an office, "Cousin," said the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land: but an husbandman I found you, and an husbandman I'll leave you." *Fuller's Holy State*, page 25. The bishop thought it kinder (as should seem) to serve him in his way, than to take him out of his way: and perhaps Stephen Duck, the thresher, had been better provided for, if, instead of being first pensioned and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and suffered to thresh on. By turning the laborious thresher into an in-active parson, they brought lunacy first, and then suicide, upon a man, who might otherwise have enjoyed himself with two cows and a pig, and ended his days in serenity and ease.

it be asked, on what this contemptible person grounded his pretensions, he tells you, that he *had a good deal of marketable ware, parliamentary interest*; and by boroughs could insure six members of parliament. Yet the Duke seems to have valued him according to his real merits; for the King would not receive him to any mark of his favour. Pages 223. 299. 308. 315. of the *Diary of George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, by Henry Penruddocke Wyndham.* 1784, 8vo.

Though this *Diary* every where displays that mean, base, and villainous spirit, which, without any regard to connections and obligations, submits to court and flatter the *powers that are*; though it shews its author to have been wholly directed by motives of avarice, vanity, and selfishness; yet I entirely think with the editor, that Lord Melcombe, far from suspecting any inference from it dishonourable to himself, meant it as an apology for his political conduct. So different, as he adds, is the moral sense of courtiers from that of other men! *Editor's Preface.*

To put things of a sort together, let me subjoin another picture of human meanness, taken from the *Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour.*

When this lady became mistress of Lewis XV. all France paid her their court; and persons, who had decried her birth, afterwards claimed a relationship to her. The following letter to her, from a gentleman of a very ancient family in Provence, will shew to what intense meanness human nature is capable of descending.

"My dear cousin,

"I was ignorant of belonging to you, till the king had nominatedyou Marchioness of Pompadour: then an able genealogist proved to me, that your great grandfather was my grandfather's cousin in the fourth degree. You see by this, dear cousin, that there is a real consanguinity between us. If it is your pleasure, I will send you the genealogical tree of our relationship, that you may present it to the king. My son, however, your cousin, who served with distinction for some years, would be glad to have a regiment; and, as he cannot hope to obtain it by his rank, I pray you to ask it from the king as a favour.".

HER ANSWER.

"SIR,

"I shall embrace the first opportunity of requesting the king to grant your son the regiment you desire; but I have in my turn a favour to ask of you, which is, to permit me not to have the honour of being your relation. Family reasons hinder me from believing that my ancestors have been allied with the ancient houses of the kingdom."—She adds, in her narrative, that she should "put the half of France to the blush, were she to mention all the letters she had received, full of the most abject submissions, from the first families in the kingdom." *Annual Register* for 1766.

P.

MODERN PROPHECYINGS.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

Nothing is a surer symptom of ignorance than superstition, and I am extremely glad that the progress of religion, as it has enlightened the minds of men to the truth, has freed the mind in a great degree from the effects of that debasing malady. Sorcerers with their wands, and witches riding upon broom-sticks, have no power to scare our senses or alarm our fears in these days. We laugh now at those marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins at which our grandmothers shook with terror. If the conjuror with his cups and balls has still his place among us, we are merely amused by his skill, but we know that the whole is a deception, however well practised. But still the day of *dreams* and *presentiments* is not yet quite gone by, and there are some amongst us who still lend a believing ear to predictions, and are weak enough to suppose that the conjunction of the stars and planets influence the events of life and the destinies of men. Moore's Almanack is still the book of reference for the changes of the weather, and even the changes of empire, to many an old woman who never looks much beyond an almanack for intelligence of any kind. And many are credulous enough to give to these predictions all the weight of true prophecy. Now, sir, as a man who is perpetually firing, though at random, will chance, some time or other, to hit the mark, so it has happened that the Editor of this Moore's Almanack

(for Moore has himself long since gone to the worms) has blundered out a prediction that is to a certain extent verified; and as this circumstance may chance to bring superstition a little into repute it may be worth while to examine for a moment the credit due to the Almanack maker in his character of prophet. Now, sir, if this is any thing more than a random assertion verified, it must be either an inspired prophecy, or an event foretold by consulting the planets. For the writer is either a prophet or an astrologer, or he is neither. Now as the belief of astrology is gone pretty well out of fashion, and as the blunders contained in the event foretold, prove it not to have been matter of actual inspiration, we can only ascribe it to what is called, in many cases, a lucky hit. A prophecy ought to be verified with exactness, or it is worth nothing as a *prophecy*. But let us examine in the present case, how wide the prediction is given, and how much may be made to come within it. "Near this time the Turkish emperor *dies*, or it may be *hides his head*,"—Here it is clear this calculator could not tell whether he would do either the one or the other, so that he takes care by the convenient phrase 'or it may be' to slip in, as it were, between both, and to secure credit either way. If he had died a *natural death*, it would have done for the prediction, or if he had been slain in an *insurrection* of his subjects in these revolutionary times, it would have just as well applied, for he still would have *died*. But it was possible in case of any public revolt, he might effect an escape and secret himself; in this case, he will be said to *hide his head*, or if it should be cut off, still it will be made to apply, for though he cannot be himself said to hide his head, yet his subjects *hide it for him*, and in these cases when we cannot suite the prophecy to the fact, we must square the fact to the prophecy. This is matter of no great difficulty, for those who are determined to make a dream or a prophecy come true, will always cut and contrive some fact till it fits. Well, but you must allow that the foretelling this event, considering in what manner it has happened, is extraordinary? But let us ask in return, suppose it had not happened? why in that case the prophecy would have been forgotten, or if the failure had been remarked, the astrologer had carved out for himself a way of escape, for the words '*near this time*' give him a latitude which his believers will interpret in his favour, whether it be

greater or less, but if no such event had happened at all, still he saves his reputation, nay, in the opinion of many, would perhaps have encreased it, for he takes care to conclude thus: "if he can save his life let him, I give him fair warning of it." Thus if matters go on right, it might still have been said, "the Turkish emperor had no doubt profited by this precaution, and had so concerted measures in consequence of it, as to save his life, otherwise he no doubt would have lost it" — so that the astrologer takes care, like a cat, always to fall upon his legs. Lord Bacon speaking on the subject of these kind of prophecies, says, "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fire side. Though when I say despised, I mean it as for belief; for otherwise the spreading or publishing of them, is in no sort to be dispised, for they have done much mischief. That which hath given them grace, and some credit, consisteth in three things. First, that men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss, as they do generally, also, of dreams. The second is, that probable *conjectures*, many times turn themselves into *prophecies*; while the nature of man, which covereth divination, thinks it no peril to foretell that which they do but collect. The third and last is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number have been impostors, and by idle and crafty brains, merely contrived and feigned after the event past."

VERITAS.

PITY AND LOVE.

THAT pity leads to love is a sentiment confirmed by every day's experience, and remarkably exemplified at the present moment.

Numbers of English women have married exiled Frenchmen, and many instances have occurred, in which virgins, widows, mothers of families, and buxom abigails, have been seduced by these strangers, whose persons, tempers, and manners, were by no means attractive; the lovers, in every instance I was acquainted with, had no other recommendation than genuine distress, and fortunes ruined beyond recovery.

"La pitié," says one of their writers, "comme toutes les passions, a ses sophismes, et ses erreurs."

But if this amiable weakness sometimes leads to error and degradation, it occasionally is the handmaid of happiness and domestic comfort; a case strongly in point occurred in the life of Dr. John Burton, formerly fellow of Eton College, a man never recollected by his cotemporaries without love and regret.

Dr. Burton having been presented by his college to the vicarage of Maple-Derham, in Oxfordshire, repaired to that place in order to be inducted; when a melancholy scene presented itself; the widow of his predecessor in that preferment, (Dr. Edward Lyttleton), with three infant daughters, without a home, and without fortune!!

The worthy doctor insisted that the lady should on no account be put to the trouble of quitting the parsonage; he consoled her by every means in his power, and occasionally repeating his visits, became strongly interested in her welfare, and, at the same time, so fascinated with her person, disposition, manners and accomplishments, that, after a decent time, they became man and wife.

Those who have a relish for learning, embellished by taste and guided by good sense, will find them happily united in the *Opuscula* of this excellent man; a Latin oration spoken before the university of Oxford, and afterwards published under tbe title of "Heli, or an instance of a Magistrate erring through lenity," is well worthy the perusal of vice chancellors, proctors, and heads of houses.

The following passage of his monumental inscription is strictly appropriate; *Vir, inter primos, doctus, ingeniosus, pius, opum contemptor, ingenuæ juventutis fautor.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The following example of the double Acrostic is taken from Alexander Nevill's Lacrymæ Academiæ Cantabrigiensis tumulo nobilissimi Equitis D. Phllidpi Sidneii sacratæ; a very curious and exceedingly rare tract.

PH-armaca mens spernens mediis stans dira trumphi-S
I-njicit in pectus Sidneii tela Philipp-I
L-ongius ergo fugis saccos O Anglia? numqui-D
I-n cineres differs tua gaudia vertere? nemo-N
P-loratum luget Comitem? cui nulla tuler-E
P-ace, fideque parem, permagni sæcula mund-I
V-i superans, virtute valens sui belliger ict-V
S-ternitur astra petens lenibus Sidneius ali-S

G. FAIRFAX.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, L. L. D. late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen: including many of his original Letters. By Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet, one of the Executors of Dr. Beattie. 4to. 2 *vols. London*, 1806.

Dr. Beattie and his biographer are unconscious now both of censure and praise; Sir William Forbes died very soon after the publication of these volumes, which give a faithful, feeling, and satisfactory account of Dr. Beattie's life and writings, and, perhaps, some will think too undiscriminating a selection of his epistolary correspondence: but Dr. Beattie's letters, though sometimes upon trifling subjects, cannot be read without interest, and as his acquaintance was extensive, and included nearly all the literary characters of his day, we are more inclined to thank his biographer than censure him for the copious stores to which he has admitted us.

The works on which Dr. Beattie's reputation is principally founded, are the *Minstrel*, a poem in every hand, and in almost every body's mouth; and the *Essay on Truth*, a very elaborate composition, which does its author immortal honour, and is one of the best antidotes to infidelity which has ever issued from the press. One of its greatest recommendations is its perspicuity; the intricate speculations of former writers are thoroughly examined, and by appeals to facts and experience, by familiar illustrations and examples he solves every difficulty which scepticism has interposed to conceal the truth, and detects all her arts and fallacies, by tracing the different kinds of evidence up to their first principles.

This admirable performance rendered the doctor very popular, and procured him a pension of 200*l.* a year. It also was the means of introducing him to a private

audience with the King and Queen, an interview of which he has given a particular account. It is curious, and, though it has been published before, our readers we think, will be pleased with an extract from it.

"We were received in the most gracious manner possible, by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them (no body else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the King and Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me, in the highest terms, on my "Essay," which, they said, was a book they always kept by them; and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from a shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but one," said his Majesty, "and that was yours (speaking to me); I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of "Hume's Essays" had failed, since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me, in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being in Edinburgh, last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the "Essay," and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but that if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked, how long I had been in composing my "Essay?" praised the caution with which it was written; and said, he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I said, there was only one poem of my own, on which I set any value (meaning the "Minstrel"), and that it was first published about the same time with the "Essay" My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects; from which both their Majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity; and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he made himself; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly; and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked, whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave an account, telling him, that I never had met with any man who had read it, except one quaker. This brought on some discourse about the quakers, whose moderation, and mild behaviour, the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenues of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, (of whom I gave a particular character), and Dr. Cullen; the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter; the number of students that attend my lectures, my mode of lecturing, whether from

notes, or completely written lectures: about Mr. Hume and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoull, and the Archbishop of York, &c. &c. &c. His Majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said, there was something in his air and manner, which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. "They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast," said the King; but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say." He asked, whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative; and the King agreed, and named the "Spectator" as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour, at a time, he asked whether that did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. "That," said he, "I don't like in prayers; and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect."

Some advances were made to our strenuous and successful *advocate for Truth*, to tempt him over to the Church of England, but he declined the proposal.

"Might it not (says he) have the appearance of levity and insincerity, and, by some, be construed into a want of principle, if I were at these years (for I am now thirty-eight) to make such an important change in my way of life, and to quit without any *apparent* motive than that of bettering my circumstances, that church of which I have hitherto been a member? If my book has any tendency to do good, as I flatter myself it has, I would not, for the wealth of the Indies do any thing to counteract that tendency; and I am afraid that tendency might in some measure be counteracted, (at least in this country), if I were to give the adversary the least ground to charge me with inconsistency."

Dr. Beattie suffered much from domestic calamity. His wife became insane; and both his sons died, after attaining maturity. His spirits gradually sunk under these afflictions, and the loss of his youngest son, Montagu, affected his mind almost to derangement.

"The death of his only surviving child (says Sir William Forbes) completely unhinged the mind of Dr. Beattie, the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs. Glennie, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is? She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness, that he had no child, saying, "How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!" When he looked for the last time on the body of his son, he said, "I have now done with the world;" and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. For he never applied himself to any sort of study, and answered but few of the letters he received from the

friends whom he most valued. Yet the receiving a letter from an old friend never failed to put him in spirits for the rest of the day. Music, which had been his great delight, he could not endure, after the death of his eldest son, to hear from others; and he disliked his own favourite violoncello. A few months before Montagu's death, he did begin to play a little by way of accompaniment when Montagu sung: but after he lost him, when he was prevailed on to touch the violoncello, he was always discontented with his own performance, and at last seemed to be unhappy when he heard it. The only enjoyment he seemed to have was in books, and the society of a few old friends. It is impossible to read the melancholy picture which he draws of his own situation about this time, without dropping a tear of pity over the sorrows and the sufferings of so good a man thus severely visited by affliction."

After lingering a few years, almost in a state of insensibility, he died in 1803.

Memoirs of M. de Brinboc: containing some Views of English and Foreign Society. 12*mo.* 3 *vols.* 12*s.* 6*d.* *Cadell and Davies.*

This is the production of a superior writer. The incidents are numerous and striking, and the interest is powerfully supported. M. de Brinboc is a Frenchman who has been forced to fly from his country on account of his principles. After various adventures on the continent he arrives in London, and we are admitted to some curious *Views of English Society* drawn with much skill, and very highly coloured.

The characters are very numerous and happily discriminated, and the style and sentiments are admirable.

Poetic Sketches by T. Gent. 12*mo.* 4*s.* 6*d.* *Yarmouth, Beart. London, Rivington.* 1807.

Mr. Gent does not aspire to any high rank as a poet, but his compositions merit the praise of correctness, simplicity, and sometimes of elegance. The following is perhaps one of the most pleasing specimens that the volume affords.

THE BEGGAR.

Of late I saw him on his staff reclin'd,
  Bow'd down beneath a weary weight of woes,
Without a roof to shelter from the wind
  His head, all hoar with many a winter's snows.
All trembling he approach'd, he strove to speak;
  The voice of mis'ry scarce my ear assail'd:
A flood of sorrow swept his furrow'd cheek,
  Remembrance check'd him, and his utt'rance fail'd.

For he had known full many a better day;
And when the poor-man at his threshold bent,
He drove him not with aching heart away,
But freely shar'd what Providence had sent;—
How hard for him the stranger's boon to crave,
And live to want the mite his bounty gave!

The Rising Sun; a Serio-comic Satiric Romance, by Cervantes Hogg, F. S. M. Vol. III. 12mo. *Apple-yards, London,* 1807.

The sale of the first two volumes of this satire was so satisfactory to the publisher, that he has added a third by way of *postcript;* in which some further adventures of Mr. *Merryman*, Mr. *Windpuff*, Mr. *Bedboard*, Mr. *Brownbread*, Mr. *Mimkin*, Mr. *Turn-anyway*, and other notorious worshippers of the *Rising Sun* are related with the same blunt whimsicality as in the preceding volumes. They have amused us not a little, and we can commend in pretty warm terms the parody on a fairy tale, to which the author has given the title of *Prince Georgiskhan, and the Fairy Prudentia.* It is ingeniously managed; the satire is just, and we hope it may prove salutary.

Beachy Head: with other Poems, by Charlotte Smith. Now first published. 12mo. *pp.* 219. *Johnson.* 1807.

It was intended to prefix to these poems a few particulars of Mrs. Smith's life; a design which we are not sorry to learn was abandoned, since we are told, that her memoirs, in lieu of a scanty account, are likely to appear, with a selection of her correspondence, on a more enlarged plan, and under the immediate authority of her own nearest relatives.

The principal of these poems is *Beachy Head.* It is in blank verse, and the genius and pathos of this exquisite poet are frequently to be traced in it, but we do not rank it among her happiest compositions. It is often languid and dilated, and the descriptions possess no novelty. The *Studies by the Sea* are written with a bolder pen, and some of the stanzas are extremely beautiful.

What glories on the sun attend,
When the full tides of evening flow,
Where in still trembling beauty blend
With amber light, the opal's glow;
While in the east the diamond bow,
Rises in virgin lustre bright,
And from the horizon seems to throw,
A partial line of trembling light
To the hush'd shore; and all the tranquil deep,
Beneath the modest moon is sooth'd to sleep.

Forgotten then, the thundering break
Of waves, that in the tempest rise,
The falling cliff, the shatter'd wreck,
The howling blast, the sufferer's cries;
For soft the breeze of evening sighs,
And murmuring seems in Fancy's ear
To whisper fairy lullabies,
That tributary waters bear
From precipices, dark with piny woods,
And inland rocks, and heathy solitudes.

The other poems are thus entitled; *The Truant Dove*, a fable from Pilpay; *The Lark's Nest*, from Esop; The *Swallow; Flora;* The *Horologe of the Fields; Saint Monica; A Walk in the Shrubbery*, &c. The notes occupy about a third of the volume. They chiefly explain the names of plants, flowers and birds, which Mrs. Smith was always fond of introducing with rather too much affectation of science. Upon the whole we do not think these productions will add much to her reputation.

Flora and *Studies by the Sea*, are reprinted from her "Conversations for the Use of Children and Young Persons."

Anthologia. A Collection of Epigrams, ludicrous Epitaphs, Sonnets, Tales, Miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. &c. interspersed with Originals. 12mo. 4s. *Highley*, 1807.

The title is not very appropriate. W. T. of the *Middle Temple* has collected more *weeds* than *flowers*, and some of the former are rather of a noxious quality. We will transcribe two or three of the epitaphs, not tempted however so much from their novelty, as from the assurance in the title page that *decies repetita placebunt.*

On the Tomb of Dr. Fuller, at Oxford.
Here lies Fuller's Earth.

On William Williams.
Here lies the body of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

At Seven-Oaks, Kent.
Grim Death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

Another.
The wedding-day appointed was,
The wedding-clothes provided;
But, ere that day did come, alas!
He sicken'd, and he die did.

Affection; with other Poems. By Henry Smithers; of the Adelphi. Large 8vo. Plates, 1l. 1s. Miller; 1807.

The plan and execution of the poem of *Affection* are entitled to the highest commendation. The subject, in itself so interesting, and so fitted for poetical expansion and illustration, is treated with no less judgment than taste; and the author frequently succeeds in awakening and soothing the most delicate feelings of our nature. The poem thus opens:

> Is there a passion of the human mind,
> That lifts to rapture, or that sinks to wo,
> Which more inspires the muses' harmonies,
> Than sweet affection? Plant imperishable!
> That in profusion, round the throne of God
> Immortal bloom'd; long ere yon radiant sun
> Had dawn'd on paradise; and rich will bloom,
> When worlds shall burn, and time shall cease to roll.

The poet then proceeds to trace the influence of affection through the vegetable and animal world. The loves of the plants are *delicately* alluded to; we say *delicately*, for this subject has not always been so treated. He instances the woodbine twining round every neighbouring shoot; the ivy enfolding the oak; the complaints of the nightingale—

> Robb'd of her mate, and of her unfledg'd brood;

the horse, the dog, the elephant, the white bear of Greenland, one of the most ferocious of the savage race, of whose fondness for their offspring an interesting anecdote is furnished from Bewick.

"The white bear proves a ferocious and dangerous enemy to those who approach the inclement shores of Greenland; and both from its rude appearance, and from the inhospitable climate which it inhabits, we should conclude it to be among the most hardened of the savage race. Yet even in this animal some remarkable traits of instinctive tenderness have been observed. Some sailors belonging to a Greenlandman, in putting off from the shore, observed a bear, with her cub, stealing away from the place where she had been lurking for them. They fired, and the cub fell. Next day, as they approached the shore in the same place, they were surprised to discover the bear at the very spot where they had fired upon her. By the help of a glass, they could

perceive her crouched by the side of her dead cub, licking it with her tongue, and occasionally employing her paw to move it towards her dug, as if she would have tempted it to take its usual nourishment. As they advanced, she made no effort to escape; and when they fired, her writhing and groans gave symptoms of her having received a severe wound; yet still she did not stir from the place where her dead cub lay. A second shot put an end to the sufferings of this savage animal, which had displayed a maternal tenderness that would have been admired in the human race."

> But most in man, Affection doth unfold
> Its choicest sweets: for him it truly blooms
> An amarathine flower of richest hues,
> Diffusing fragrance through the wastes of time.
> Not only where the sun of science shines;
> Amid the deep impenetrable shades,
> The tangled brakes of Aveyron's thick woods,
> Ev'n there some glimmerings of affection's flame,
> The untaught lesson of the savage life,
> Have kindled towards some well remember'd haunt.

The story of Prince Lee Boo is here very naturally introduced, and the affectionate anxiety of his father, Abba Thullé, for the prince's return, at the expiration of the time limitted for his absence, pathetically described. Man's natural affection for his home, a subject so beautifully exemplified at large by Polwhele in his *Influence of Local Attachment*, occupies a few interesting pages. The fondness with which we recur to pleasures long past, and to friends beloved separated by death, the affection of a patriot towards his country, the national regard for distinguished public characters, and its grief for their loss, are touched upon with uncommon felicity. The author's Address to England, p. 15, beginning "My country, O my country!" is animated and poetical in a degree beyond the usual standard of the composition; and his apprehension arising from the increase of luxury, strengthened by the experience of history, cannot be considered as groundless. We have long felt the same fears as the author that—

> So shall it be
> Some distant day—

and fervently echo his prayer—

> but be it distant far
> That England's foes shall triumph o'er her fate,
> And hail her fallen.

Mr. Smithers then traces the progress of affection among relatives; he notices the early display of it by children:—

> (See with what eager, with what fond embrace
> It clings delighted to the parent breast,
> And bids its playful fingers tell its joy:
> Repeated kindness, daily, hourly given,
> Binds the loved child with firm but welcomed chains
> In strong affection—)

sexual affection in its purity, whence arises the conjugal, paternal, filial, and fraternal. The consequences of *misplaced* affection are described in an episode, which we shall give at length. It closes the first part of the poem.

> See! yon poor Maniac! shivering in her cell,
> With hair dishevell'd, and with bosom bare;
> Once bless'd with innocence, each hour was gay,
> Till in her breast convulsing passions strove,
> And rais'd a dark and wild tornado there,
> That in its progress burst the slight barrier,
> Which in each fine wrought mind but feebly guards
> The seat of intellect: all, all was then
> A splendid ruin, and an awful wreck.
>
> Mark her, ye gay seducers! mark her well!
> For who like you should feel the awful change?
> And tell me if the transient joys you knew
> When virtue sunk the victim of your art,
> Can e'er compensate your atrocious guilt,
> Or wipe away the bitter, bitter tears,
> Which prostrate virtue sheds when reason dares
> Resume, at intervals, her desert throne,
> And points the happy heights whence she has fallen?
>
> Go, bid imagination's magic power
> Roll back on time, and tell what once she was—
> Form'd to delight the circle where she moved.
> Esteem'd, admired by all; Olivia bloom'd
> In the rich garden of parental love,
> And promised fairest fruit: nursed in delight,
> Each charm or grace her opening mind display'd.
> Was cultured with a fond assiduous care,
> And, as her growing virtues burst on view,
> She reign,d unrivall'd 'mid her blooming plains;
> In sweet simplicity her youth roll'd on,
> Till in a ruthless hour a plunderer came,
> All skill'd to lure her unsuspecting soul,
> And win her heart, ere he betray'd his own.

Great was the conflict in her struggling frame
'Twixt duty and affection—long she strove
To tear his favour'd image from her breast,
And oft resolved to fly her peaceful plains
To escape a passion now so deep infixt;
But what in absence had assumed resolve,
On his return, became resolve no more,
And virtue sunk beneath his baneful arts.
Thus fell Olivia! Ye proud in virtue,
Say not you could like Alpine snows have stood
Spotless and pure beneath such burning sun,
Wound not her bleeding mind, nor dare to boast
Till you have triumph'd in temptation's hour:
Her soul untainted, shudder'd at her fall;—
She on the sacred records solemn swore
Never again to see the human fiend
Who thus despoil'd her virtue and her peace;
She fled her native scenes, and long retired
'Mid solitude and shade, repentant, strove
To sooth her mind, and long lost calm restore.
Deep solitude and shade—reflection's darts
But swifter urged, and with impetuous force,
To frenzy's rage. With quick and hurried step,
With heaving bosom, but with stedfast eye,
She sought the flood, and instant plunging there,
A dark oblivious stream had hoped to find.
Snatch'd from the watery death by pitying hands,
Stretch'd out to save in desperation's hour,
She woke to life—just felt its fever burn.
Affrighted reason fled—and all was void.

The second part is of a religious nature. "A poem" observes the author, "on Affection would be incomplete, which did not attempt to express the benevolence of the Deity, which shines so conspicuously through all existence."

Our remarks on *this part* of the poem we shall reserve till next month.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

La Giorgiana, an Andante and Rondo, for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to the Hon. Miss G. Smith, by P. A. Corri. Birchall. Price. 2s.

Although this sonata must be reckoned among the minor productions of Mr. Corri's pen, it is by no means destitute of merit. The subject of the first movement is good, and is well kept up; it leads into an animated rondo, in which many brilliant passages occur. The modulation is throughout masterly.

A Cancerto for the Organ, with accompaniments for a full band, composed by William Crotch, Mus. Doc. Professor of Music, Oxford. No. 2. Birchall, price 6s.

Dr. Crotch in this concerto has evinced powers of composition as well as of execution in the highest degree masterly. It opens with a movement at once animated and majestic, the subject which is started at the commencement is pursued and sustained both by the organ and the band in a most powerful and impressive manner; the tutti passages in the third page are introduced with an unusually striking effect. The opening of the *andante* is well calculated to display the richest parts of the organ; the subject, in itself interesting, is most pleasingly as well as ingeniously varied, after the manner of some of Handel's exquisite andantes. In his *fugue* Dr. Crotch has called forth all the grandeur of the organ: the point led off is admirable, and is sustained throughout with consummate skill: the interest of the hearer is not suffered to flag for an instant, but on the contrary is increased to the end. We are confident that we speak the sentiments of all lovers of good music when we return Dr. Crotch our hearty thanks for the production of this most masterly concerto. By some persons we know it has been objected that he has not made sufficient use of the lighter parts of the organ; we on the contrary think Dr. Crotch entitled to no small degree of commendation for having so powerfully spported the Handelian stile of concerto playing, a style so eminently calculated to display the grandeur and sublimity of the instrument. In Dr. Crotch's compositions, as well as in his playing, we trace the most correct and classical ideas of the nature and character of the organ, which he has never degraded in order to tickle the ears of the multitude.

"See the Chariot at hand here of Love,"

A favourite Glee, sung by Mrs. Vaughan, Messers Harrison Goss and Bartleman, at the Vocal Concerts, composed by William Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Birchall, price 2s.

Seldom have we been more delighted with a glee than with that before us. It first appeared in a collection which was published some time before the commencement of the *Cabinet*; it is now printed separately, and we willingly avail ourselves of this opportunity to pay Mr. Horsley that tribute of praise which he so justly merits. His former productions had established his character as a glee writer, but none of them have contained such powerful claims to general popularity as the present. It combines the richness of the old, with the lightness and ease of the new school, it possesses a degree of finished excellence which cannot fail to charm the multitude, while it must satisfy the most fastidious hearers.

A Concerto for the German Flute or Oboe, in which is introduced the favourite air of Queen Mary's Lamentation, with accompaniments for two Violins, two French horns, tenor and bass, composed by William Fish, and performed by him at the Anacreontic and Subscription Concerts, Chapel Field House, Norwich. Broderip and Wilkinson, price 5s.

We see nothing in this concerto but what is very common, and, to say the truth, scarcely worth publication Mr. Fish may have received such applause from a Norwich audience as to induce him

to print his concerto, but we must fairly assure him, that it will not bear transplanting to the metropolis.

"*Maria's Adieu,*"

As sung by Mr. Vaughan, with the greatest applause, adapted from Professor Carlisle's translation of the original Arabic, and set to music, with an accompaniment for the harp or piano forte, by William Fish. Broderip and Wilkinson, price 1*s.* 6*d.*

Maria's Adieu, like another of Mr. Fish's ballads which we noticed two months ago, is certainly not destitute of merit. We have only again to recommend Mr. Fish to be a little more sparing in his embellishments: his vulgar cadence at the close of the song shews a lamentable want of taste, and his half Italian, half English directions to the singer are really quite ludicrous. These faults excepted, we think the ballad entitled to commendation.

Andante and Waltz for the Piano forte, composed and dedicated to Miss G. Thelluson, by T. Haigh. Birchall; price 1*s.*

This Waltz is written in a familiar and pleasing stile; it will afford juvenile performers a good five minutes amusement.

Monthly Minstrelsy, Nos. IV. *and* V. *written and composed by T. D. Worgan, price* 1*s. each.*

We are afraid that the character which we should give of these numbers, would not induce any of our readers to purchase them,—in plain truth we think the musical part of them very dear at a shilling.

"*How tenderly I Love her,*"

A Ballad written by J. Lewes, Esq. Liverpool, composed by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. Birchall, price 1*s.*

Dr. Clarke has here exhibited that elegance of expression which so frequently distinguishes his productions. He has given the sentiment of the words with peculiar propriety and effect, and has arranged his melody with great judgment.

"*Gentle Lyre.*"

Recitative and Air, sung with the greatest applause by Mr. Harrison at the Vocal Concerts, and by Mr. Nield, at Bath, composed by W. Horsley. Mus. Bac. Oxon.—Birchall, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

This composition consists of three movements. The introductory recitative, which is opened by an elegant symphony, is well conceived, and leads with effect into a bold and animated air, the subject of which is well kept up, and assisted by a powerful accompaniment. The chief fault of this movement is, that the accompaniment is too prominent, some of the vocal passages are rather insipid, and depend entirely upon the instruments for effect; it contrasts, however, well with the concluding cantabile. Although we do not rank this song among Mr. Horsley's happiest productions, yet it bears clear and evident marks of a cultivated and correct fancy.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

HISTORY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF FEMALE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE.

BY EDMOND MALONE, ESQ.

IT is well known, that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented solely by boys, or young men. Nashe, in a pamphlet published in 1592, speaking in defence of the English stage, *boasts* that the players of his time "were not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squinting bawdie comedians, that have whores and common curtizans to play women's parts."* What Nashe considered as an high eulogy on his country, Prynne has made one of his principal charges against the English stage; having employed several pages in his bulky volume, and quoted many hundred authorities, to prove "that those playes wherein any men act women's parts in woman's apparell must needs be sinful, yea, abominable unto christians.† The grand basis of his argument is a text in scripture; *Deuteronomy* xxii. 5; "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment:" A precept which Sir Richard Baker has justly remarked is no part of the moral law, and ought not to be understood literally. "Where," says Sir Richard, "finds he this precept? even in the same place where he finds also that we must not wear cloaths of linsey-woolsey; and seeing we lawfully now wear cloaths of linsey-woolsey, why may it not be as lawful for men to put on women's garments?" ‡

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* *Pierce Penniless his supplication of the devil.* 4to 1592.

† *Histriomastix*, 4to. 1633. p. 179.

‡ *Theatrum triumphans*, 8vo. 1670. p. 16. Martin Luther's comment on this text is as follows: Hic non prohibetur quin ad vitandum periculum, aut ludendum joco, vel ad fallendum hostes mulier

It may perhaps be supposed, that Prynne, having thus vehemently inveighed against men's representing female characters on the stage, would not have been averse to the introduction of women in the scene; but sinful as this zealot thought it in *men* to assume the garments of the other sex, he considered it as not less abominable in *women* to tread the stage in their own proper dress: For he informs us "that some French-women, or *monsters* rather, in Michaelmas term, 1627, attempted to act a French play at the play-house, in Blackfriers," which he represents as "an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than *whorish* attempt." *

Soon after the period he speaks of, a regular French theatre was established in London, where without doubt women acted. They had long before appeared on the Italian as well as the French stage. When Coryate was at Venice, (July 1608) he tells us he was at one of their play-houses, and saw a comedy acted. "The house, he adds, is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England; neither can their actors

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possit gerere arma viri, et vir uti veste muliebri; sed ut serio et usitato habitu talia non fiant, ut decora utrique sexui servetur dignitas." And the learned Jesuit, Dorin, concurs with him: Dissimulatio vestis potest interdum sine peccato fieri, vel ad representandam comice tragiceve personam, vel ad affugiendum periculum, vel in casu simili." Ibid. p. 19.

* He there calls it only an *attempt*, but in a former page (215) he says "they have now their female players in Italy, and other foreign parts, as they had such French women actors in a play not long since personated in Blackfrier's playhouse, to *which there was great resort*." In the margin he adds——"in Michaelmas, 1629." His account is confirmed by Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book.

Prynne, in conformity to the absurd notions which have been stated in the text, inserted in his index these words: "*Women actors notorious whores:*" by which he so highly offended the king and queen, that he was tried in the star-chamber, and sentenced to be imprisoned for life, fined £5000, expelled Lincoln's Inn, disbarred, and disqualified to practise the law, degraded of his degree in the university, to be set on the pillory, his ears cut off, and his book burnt by the common hangman, "which rigorous sentence," says Whitelocke, "was as rigorously executed."

In page 708 of Prynne's book is the following note, the insertion of which probably incensed their majesties, who often performed in the court-masques, not less than what has been already mentioned:

"It is *infamous* in this author's judgment [Dion Cassius] for emperors or persons of quality to *dance upon a stage*, or act a play."

compare with us for apparell, shewes and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." *

The practice of men's performing the parts of women in the scene is of the highest antiquity. On the Grecian stage no woman certainly ever *acted*. From Plutarch's life of Phocion, we learn, that in his time (about three hundred and eighteen years before the christian æra) the performance of a tragedy at Athens was interrupted for some time by one of the actors, who was to personate a *queen*, refusing to come on the stage, because he had not a suitable mask and dress, and a train of attendants richly habited; and Demosthenes, in one of his orations, mentions Theodorus and Aristodemus as having often represented the Antigone of Sophocles. This fact is also ascertained by an actor preserved by Aulus Gellius. A very celebrated actor, whose name was Polus, was appointed to perform the part of Electra, in Sophocles's play; who in the progress of the drama appears with an urn in her hands, containing as she supposes, the ashes of Orestes. The actor having been some time before deprived by death of a beloved son, to indulge his grief, as it should seem, procured the urn which contained the ashes of his child, to be brought from his tomb; which affected him so much, that when he appeared with it on the scene, he embraced it with unfeigned sorrow, and burst into tears.

That on the Roman stage also, female parts were represented by men in tragedy, is ascertained by one of Cicero's letters to Atticus, in which he speaks of Antipho, ‡ who performed the part of Andromache; and by a passage in Horace, who informs us, that Fusius Phocæus being to perform the part of Ilione, the wife of Polymnestor, in a tragedy written either by Accius or Pacuvius, and being in the course of the play to be awakened out of sleep by the cries of the shade of Po-

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* Coryate's *Crudities*, 4to. 1611. p. 247. I have found no ground for this writer's assertion, that female performers had appeared on the English stage before he wrote.

† Epistol. ad Atticum, Lib. IV. e. xv.

lydorus, got so drunk, that he fell into a real and profound sleep, from which no noise could rouse him.

Horace, indeed, mentions a female performer, called Arbuscula; but as we find, from his own authority, that men personated women on the Roman stage, she probably was only an *emboliaria*, who performed in the interludes and dances exhibited between the acts, and at the end of the play. Servius calls her *Mima*, but that may mean nothing more than one who acted in the *mimes*, or danced in the pantomime dances; and this seems the more probable from the manner in which she is mentioned by Cicero, from whom we learn that the part of Andromache was performed by a male actor on that very day when Arbuscula exhibited with the highest applause.

The same practice prevailed in the time of the emperors: for in the list of parts which Nero, with a preposterous ambition, acted in the public theatre, we find that of Canace, who was represented in labour on the stage.

In the interludes exhibited between the acts, undoubtedly women appeared. The elder Pliny informs us, that a female, named Lucceïa, acted in these interludes for an hundred years; and Galeria Copiola for above ninety years, having been first introduced on the scene in the fourteenth year of her age, in the year of Rome 672, when Caius Marius the younger, and Cneidus Carbo, were consuls, and having performed in the 104th year of her age, six years before the death of Augustus, in the consulate of C. Poppæus and Quintus Sulpicius, A. U. C. 762.

Eunuchs also sometimes represented women on the Roman stage, as they do at this day in Italy; for we find that Sporus, who made so conspicuous a figure in the time of Nero, being appointed in the year 70, [A. U. C. 823,] to personate a nymph, who, in an interlude exhibited before Vitellius, was to be carried off by a ravisher, rather than endure the indignity of wearing a female dress on the stage, put himself to death; a singular end for one, who, about ten years before, had been publickly espoused to Nero, in the Hymeneal veil, and had been carried through one of the streets of Rome by the side of that monster, in the imperial robes of the empresses, ornamented with a profusion of jewels.

Thus ancient was the usage, which, though not

adopted in the neighbouring countries of France and Italy, prevailed in England from the infancy of the stage. The prejudice against women appearing on the scene continued so strong, that, until near the time of the Restoration, boys constantly performed female characters: and, strange as it may now appear, the old practice was not deserted without many apologies for the *indecorum* of the novel usage. In 1659 or 1660, in imitation of the foreign theatres, women were first introduced on the scene. In 1656, indeed, Mrs. Coleman, the wife of Mr. Edward Coleman, represented *Ianthe* in the first part of D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*; but the little she had to say was spoken in recitative. The first woman that appeared in any regular drama on a public stage, performed the part of Desdemona; but who the lady was I am unable to ascertain. The play of *Othello* is enumerated by Downes as one of the stock-plays of the king's company, on their opening their theatre in Drury Lane in April, 1663; and it appears, from a paper found with Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, and indorsed by him, that it was one of the stock-plays of the same company from the time they began to play without a patent at the Red Bull in St. John street. Mrs. Hughs performed the part of Desdemona in 1663, when the company removed to Drury Lane, and obtained the title of the king's servants; but whether she performed with them while they played at the Red Bull, or in Vere street, near Clare-market, has not been ascertained. Perhaps Mrs. Saunderson made her first essay there, though she afterwards was enlisted in D'Avenant's company. The received tradition is, that she was the first English actress.

It is certain, however, that for some time after the Restoration, men also acted female parts; and Mr. Kynaston, even after women had assumed their proper rank on the stage, was not only endured but admired, if we may believe a contemporary writer, who assures us, "that being then very young, he made a complete stage-beauty, performing his parts so well, (particularly *Arthiope* and *Aglaura*,) that it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, touched the audience so sensibly as he.

In D'Avenant's company, the first actress that appeared, was probably Mrs. Saunderson, who performed *Ianthe* in the *Siege of Rhodes*, on the opening of his

new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in April, 1662. It does not appear, from Downes's account, that while D'Avenant's company performed at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, during the years 1659, 1660, and 1661, they had any female performer among them, or that *Othello* was acted by them at that period.

PORTRAIT OF A PLAYER.

Drawn in the Year 1630.

He knowes the right vse of the world, wherein hee comes to play a part, and so away. His life is not idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are vpon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more dislik'd, and yet none more applauded; and hee has this misfortune of some scholler, too much witte makes him a fool. He is like our painting gentlewomen, seldome in his owne face, seldomer in his cloathes, and hee pleases the better hee counterfeits, except onely when hee is disguised with straw for gold lace. Hee does not onely personate on the stage, but sometime in the street; for he is mask'd still in the habite of a gentleman. His parts find him oathes and good words, which he keeps for his vse and discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. Hee is tragicall on the stage, but rampant in the tyring-house, and sweares oathes there which he never cond. The waiting women spectators are ouer ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in thier chambers. Your innes of court men were vndone but for him; hee is thier chiefe guest and imployment, and the sole businesse that makes them afternoones men. The poet only is his tyrant, and hee is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges.

Shroue Tuesday hee fears as much as the bawds, and Lent is more damage to him then the Butcher. Hee was neuer so much discredited as in one act, and that was of Parliment, which giues Hostlers priuiledge before him, for which hee abhors it more then a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one wel-furnish't actor has enough in him for fiue common gentlemen, and if hee haue a good body for sixe, and for resolution hee shall challenge any *Cato*, for it has been his practice to die brauely.

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

Garrick and Foote were the two theatrical meteors of their day: both men of wit and education; both authors, managers, and actors; both objects that attracted the admiration of the public; and by this collision of characters they may perhaps better elucidate each other, than by an individual description.

Foote was by far the better scholar of the two: and to this superiority he added also a good taste, a warm imagination, a strong turn for mimicry, and a constant fresh supply of occasional reading from the best authors of all descriptions. He could likewise apply all these advantages with great readiness; so that either with his pen, or in conversation, he was never at a loss.

Garrick was no *Grecian*. Davies says of him, in his Memoirs, that "he had *once* made himself master of all the Greek words;" but admitting that he had retained them, what sort of a Greek scholar would *this* knowledge have made him? In respect to the Latin, he might, perhaps, have acquired some proficiency when he was under the care of Dr. Johnson at Lichfield; but Johnson afterwards said of him, "David has not latin enough; he finds out the latin by the meaning, rather than the meaning by the latin." He was, however, tolerably conversant in the classics; a good Frenchman; and read and conversed occasionally in the Italian.—He also possessed a good taste, with a pleasing lively manner of delivery. The fact was, that Garrick's literary pursuits were in a great degree checked by the sudden influx of his fame and fortune; for when he became a manager, it happened of course, that from the care of a great theatre, from his own performances, and the attention which he paid to pecuniary concerns, he had no time for the high and regular improvement of the mind: he saw a mass of wealth presenting itself before him, and he "*clutched*" it with a much more certain grasp than the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth; leaving at his death more than one hundred thousand pounds, with this *most affectionate* compliment to his relations, "that he knew of no friends out of their circle."

Though Foote was not deficient in paying his respects to men of rank and fashion, he never sought them with any kind of unbecoming eagerness, or made the least distinction at his table between them and the obscurest guest. When that table too was all in a roar, as it

usually was, he never stopped the career of his *bon-mot* out of respect to persons; it as readily struck a noble duke as a poor player. His visitors knew the terms on which they met: some approved of them from the general love of wit and good humour, while others endured them in order the better to keep within his favour and friendship.

Garrick, on the contrary, was all submission in the presence of either a peer or a poet; equally loth to offend the dignity of the one, or provoke the irritability of the other: hence he was, at times, too methodical in his conversation to admit of his mixing in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." To his dependents and inferior players, however, he was indeed *king* DAVID, except when he had a mind to mortify them by means of one another. On such occasions he generally took up some of the lowest among them; whom he not only cast in the same scenes with himself, but frequently walked arm in arm with in the Green-room, and sometimes in his morning rambles about the streets.

In his domestic arrangements Garrick was uniform and respectable: a handsome house in town and country, carriages, servants, &c. and when he gave grand entertainments, he saw some of the first company, for rank and abilities, in the kingdom. But in such meetings conversation generally partook more of a high-bred style, than the easy familiarity of a social party; except when Foote, Chase Price, Rigby, Fitzherbert, and others of this class were present. *Then* indeed the pale of high breeding was instantly broken down; and wit, fun, and good humour, became the order of the day.

But fairly to taste the respective powers of these two distinguished characters, was to see them *pitted* together at the table of a third person, in the range of general and free conversation: a scene in which they often appeared, and where they both displayed powers which placed them so deservedly high on the scale of public importance.

The mind of Garrick,—strong innatural force, which was further aided by great professional knowledge, talents for mimicry, a wide range of good company, and much acuteness of observation, afforded him innumerable topics of conversation, which he dilated upon in a very pleasing and agreeable manner: but this was in all cases regulated by, and made subordinate to, his deference for superiors in rank or station, and his great respect for the decorums of life. He dared not let his shaft fly with the

freedom of Foote's, for fear of giving offence; and from this cause has probably often repressed those coruscations of fancy, which would otherwise have shone with great lustre. In fact, Garrick's chief excellence did not lie in the *reciprocity* of conversation; but in the narration of lively and agreeable anecdotes, humorous stories, &c. drawing his knowledge, as it were, rather from an intellectural *reservoir* than a *spring*. Yet in these respects he was often so pleasing, so fanciful, and so characteristic, that it would be difficult to find a man who could make and leave a more favourable impression on his company.

Foote's conversation was of such a description, that "nought but itself could be its parallel." Teeming with fancy and various knowledge, fearless of consequences, and privileged in the character of a wit, he took his stand with confidence, and threw his shafts around him with the dexterity of a master, the first and the last of his own school. He was rapid, lucid, and exuberant; and his image of ridicule, and portraits of characters, were so strong, novel, and whimsical, that he carried the imagination of his hearers insensibly along with him. In short, Garrick's conversation was like a gentle heat, that cheered and warmed; Foote's, a meteor that delighted by the splendour of its blaze.

Being (as is above remarked) a better scholar too than Garrick, he had a greater command of topics. He could turn "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," with facility, and discuss whatever subject occurred with much precision and classical authority, while upon all such matters Garrick seemed to argue rather cautiously, and took care never to go beyond his depth; sometimes contenting himself with the character of an humble listener, and at other times playing an under-part to Foote. But these condescensions did not always conciliate the esteem of our hero; who, perhaps, envying the great fortune, and still greater professional abilities of his rival, availed himself of the only superiority which he retained, and seldom failed to exercise this with an unsparing keenness, whenever an opportunity offered.

Upon the whole, it would be difficult to pair two such masters of conversation; and they were always considered in the circles of those who ennobled rank and adorned literature. For though Foote had evidently the advantage in the bright and luminous parts, and raised the admiration of a louder laugh; Garrick gained a steadier approbation, and always excited a pleasing degree of mirth and inoffensive cheerfulness.

POETRY.

To Mrs. BILLINGTON,

ON HEARING HER LATELY SING SOME FAVOURITE SONGS.

By Mr. Pratt.

METHOUGHT a voice, distinct and clear
As ever mov'd attention's ear;
As ever won affection's heart,
Its magic would no more impart.

But since that well-known voice again
Resumes the still unrivall'd strain,
Unrivall'd where the melting sound,
Should spread the thrill of passion round—
Why should we give the palm to *Rome*,
When genius claims the wreath at home;
A bright Cecilia of our own,
Why should she abdicate her throne?

The warbler of our native plains
Shall sooth us with more dulcet strains,
With softer charm the bosom sway,
And the sweet harmonist obey,
Than loudest notes that only prove
The force of WONDER, not of LOVE.

June 6th, 1807.

SONNET.

THE MOTHER.

Translated from the Italian of Filicaja.

SEE the fond mother with her offspring round,
How melts her soul with pious tenderness!
As she surveys them, all her looks express
Maternal love, and happiness profound.
One to her breast, where the calm joys abound,
She eager clasps; another strives to bless
With words of sweet import; a third no less
Sooths; while another sports upon the ground.

By all their little ways their wants she knows ;
To each dispenses what its wants demand,
Or, feigning, frowns: the Almighty so, who throws
His glance from high, to Man each need supplies ;
And if a prayer rejects, his bounteous hand,
Withholding, but to bless the more denies.

Liverpool. G. W. C.

STANZAS.

TO SYDNEY OWENSON.

On reading "The Lay of an Irish Harp."

DEAR is thy lay! for o'er the heart
It wild, and sadly-pleasing, steals,
'Tis not the labour'd line of art
Which some *admire*, but none e'er *feels*.

Oh, no! 'tis such a strain as lingers
Upon the sad Æolian lyre,
When, lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Soothing and sweet its notes respire.

'Tis such a strain as bids my soul
Or boldly glow, or sighing languish ;
Which with its magical controul,
Can fire with joy, depress with anguish.

'Tis such a strain as mocks the pow'r
Of rules, by bloodless critics penn'd,
For Gen us, in her pensive hour,
Shall o'er its raptur'd bosom bend.

Yes, yes, each sensate soul must feel,
And own the magic of thy line,
And many a breast its pow'r reveal,
But *none e'er felt it more than mine!*

Liverpool. W. M. T.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAY-MARKET.

JUNE.

29. John Bull. Peregrine, Mr. Chapman; Sir Simon Roc'dale, Mr. Mathews; Frank Rochdale, Mr. Palmer, jun; Hon. Tom Shuffleton, Mr. De Camp; Job Thornberry, Mr. Fawcett; Dennis Brulgruddery, Mr. Waddy; Dan, Mr. Liston. Lady Caroline Braymore, Mrs. Litchfield; Mrs. Brulgruddery, Mrs. Powell; Mary, Mrs. Gibbs.—Village Lawyer. Scout, Mr. Fawcett; Snarl, Mr. Waddy; Sheepface, Mr. Liston; Mrs. Scout, Mrs. Powell.

30. Seeing is believing—Dramatist—Paul and Virginia. Paul, Mr. Bennet, from the Theatre Royal, Bath, his first appearance in London, and seventh on any stage; Alhambra, Mrs. Taylor; Tropic, Mr. Taylor; Dominique, Mr. Mathews; Virginia, Mrs. Mathews; Jacintha, Mrs. Liston.

JULY.

1. Wonder—Don Felix (1st. time) Mr. Young; Don Pedro, Mr. Mathews; Don Lopez, Mr. Grove; Colonel Briton, Mr. De Camp; Frederick, Mr. Carles; Gibby, Mr. Waddy; Lissardo, Mr. Fawcett. Violante (1st. time) Mrs. Litchfield; Isabella, Mrs. Mathews; Inis, Mrs. Taylor; Flora, Mrs. Gibbs—Catch him who can.

2. Mogul Tale—Five Miles off—Tom Thumb.

3. The Stranger—Stranger (1st. time) Mr. Young; Solomon, Mr. Mathews; Peter, Mr. Liston; Steinfort, Mr. Palmer, jun.; Wintersen, Mr. Carles; Tobias, Mr. Chapman. Charlotte, Mrs. Gibbs; the Countess, Miss Mortimer (her first appearance on this stage) Mrs Haller, Mrs. Litchfield.—Lock and Key.

4. Mountaineers—Paul and Virginia.

6. Hamlet—Waterman.

7. Sighs—Mrs. Wiggins—Review.

8. Wonder—Agreeable Surprize.

9. Castle Spectre. Osmond (1st. time) Mr. Young; Father Philip, Mr. Waddy; Motley, Mr. Liston. Evelina, Mrs. Taylor; Angela, Mrs. Litchfield—Prisoner at large.

10. Sylvester Daggerwood—Five Miles off—Tom Thumb.

11. Stranger. Countess, Miss Taylor—Waterman.

13. Henry IV. Part I. Hotspur, Mr. Young; Falstaff, Mr. Fawcett—Poor Soldier. Patrick, Mr. Bennett; Dermot, Mr. Taylor; Bagatelle, Mr. De Camp; Darby, Mr. Mathews, Katlane, Mrs. Liston; Norah, Mrs. Mathews.

14. Poor Gentleman—Frederick, Mr. Young.—Tom Thumb.

15. Hamlet—Fortune's Frolic.

16. Waterman—FORTRESS (1st. time)—Mock Doctor.

17. Poor Soldier—Fortress.

18. Fortress—Lying Valet—Peeping Tom.

20. Fortress—Agreeable Surprize—Tom Thumb.

21. Padlock. Leander, Mr. Bennett; Diego, Mr. Taylor; Mungo, Mr. Mathews. Ursula, Mrs Powell; Leonora, Mrs. Mathews—Fortress—Catherine and Petruchio. Petruchio, Mr. Young;

Grumio, Mr. Mathews; Biondello, Mr. Grove; Tailor, Mr. Liston. Catherine, Mrs. Gibbs.

22. Catch him who can—Fortress—Tom Thumb.

23. Prisoner at Large—Fortress—We fly by Night.

24. (Mr. Bennett's night, and the last of his engagement) Battle of Hexham. Gondibert, Queen Margaret, and Adeline, (first time) Mr, Young. Mrs Litchfield, and Mrs. Taylor. Purse—Padlock.

The FORTRESS is a Melo drama by Mr. Theodore Hook, the successful author of *Tekeli*, and is borrowed from the same French author; whose piece bears the title of *Les événemens d'un jour*. It is the old story of *escapes*, which always interest, however often repeated, and in the present instance, there is not much novelty in the incidents, nor ingenuity in the contrivance. One situation there is both interesting and dramatic. A young man who has the care of the *Fortress*, is induced to connive at his prisoner's escape, and even points out the means of effecting it, but on learning immediately afterwards, that such an event will affect the life of his commandant, he instantly gives the alarm, and the prisoner is brought back to his confinement. The outline of the plot is this: Count Everard, an Austrian nobleman (Mr. Young) is thrown into prison upon false accusations. Alice (Mrs. Gibbs) a faithful attendant, persuades Lieutenant Oliver (Mr. De Camp) to assist his escape. Accordingly upon relieving guard, he informs the count of a secret passage, by which he might gain the banks of the Danube. Whilst the count is supposed to be in the very act of this escape, the lieutenant is informed by the governor (Mr. Chapman) that the life both of himself and of the lieutenant, must answer for the safe custody of the prisoner. An interesting situation is here produced. The lieutenant gives the alarm, and stops the flight. The count at length escapes by means of his daughter Celestina (Mrs. Taylor).—Alice and Oliver, in a generous contest, each take upon themselves the crime of having aided in this purpose. The lieutenant is condemned to death:—the count discovers himself to save his friend. The field marshal (Mr. Carles) then opens a sealed dispatch, which, instead of containing, as supposed, his sentence of execution, incloses a pardon.

The other characters are Vincent, a drunken gardener, (Mr. Mathews), Philip, a one-eyed soldier, (Mr. Liston), Thomas, an Austrian serjeant (Mr. Taylor), and Pauline, his wife (Mrs. Liston.)

The count, the hero of the piece, is not drawn with any force, and he is placed at times in very awkward situations; his second escape is clumsily contrived; he sneaks out at the gate like a thief with his booty; and the concealment afterwards in the greenhouse has a low and ludicrous effect. The denouement is feeble and unsatisfactory. But it must be confessed, that Mr. Hook has made the most of the materials with which his French original supplied him. For the barrenness of the incidents, he has made some amends by the pleasantry of his dialogue, and the humour of his comic characters; and as an *after-piece*, to which it is now very properly reduced, the Fortress will no doubt *hold out* for the remainder of the season.

The Music is by Mr. Hook, the father. The overture is one of the best we have lately heard, and a duett, between Taylor and Mrs. Liston was much applauded.

The performers merit the best thanks of the author. Mr. Young had not much opportunity of exercising his fine powers, but all that was required from him he gave with full force and effect. Mrs. Gibbs displayed her usual correctness and accuracy in *Alice*. A considerable portion of the *vis comica* was happily displayed by Mathews in the gardener, and of the *phiz comica*, by Liston in the garrulous old soldier. Mrs. Taylor looked extremely well in her *Savoyard* disguise.

Mr. Bennett, the new singer, is of the Braham school. His voice is clear and firm, but not bold or extensive. His ear, however, seems perfect; his *ad libita* are full of grace and ornament, and his transitions easy and natural; his figure is small, and as an actor he has every thing to learn; but we shall not be surprised if he very soon acquires eminence as a vocal performer. He is now gone back to Bath, to fulfil (say the play bills) a *musical engagement*, but whether at the theatre or in the concert room we have not learnt.

Mr. Young has been in constant play ever since his appearance. *Hamlet* he has performed four or five times, and the versatility of his talents, as well as the extent of his powers, have been fully tried and effectually established by his *Stranger*, *Octavian*, *Osmond*, *Hotspur*, *Felix*, *Frederick*, *Gondibert*, *and Petruchio*. It cannot be supposed that he was equally successful in all, but in some he was excellent. The *Stranger* we consider his most perfect performance. He seldom fell below Kemble, and in some instances went beyond him. He has been powerfully supported by Mrs. Litchfield in *Mrs. Haller*, *Angela*, *Queen Margaret* and *Violante*.

A new comedy, by Mr. Dibdin is to be produced immediately.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre-Royal, LIVERPOOL.—Since the departure of Mrs. Siddons this Theatre has been but thinly attended, although the managers have done every thing in their power to please the public, both in respect to novelty and personal exertions, and notwithstanding the professional merits of Lewis, Knight, Elliston, Simmons, and Mrs. Glover. The Curfew and Tekeli are the only pieces which seem to be attractive. The scenery, dresses, &c. of the latter were purchased at a high price from Mr. Ward, of Manchester. In addition to the performers named in my last, I have to mention a Mr. Terry, who in pantomime and Frenchmen is rather clever, but in tragedy the monotony of his voice is much against him. Mr. Banks in characters of rough feeling has great merit. Mr. Claremont is still Mr. Claremont, whether he plays tragedy or comedy. Mr. Jones as a young actor merits some commendation, but his appearance is rather too effeminate, and his deportment too stiff, for the heavy characters which have been assigned him: his delineation of a fop has given us some pleasure. I would advise Mr. Waring to read Hamlet's instructions to the players, beginning with this line—" but if you *mouth* it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier spoke my lines."—There is another

speech a little lower down, which it would do no harm to Mr. Tayleure to read with attention " and let your clowns speak no more than is set down for them"—Let him *reform it altogether.* Mrs. Moore has no requisites for the stage. Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Skinner as chambermaids are perfectly *at home.* ARGUS.

Theatre WORTHING.—This place is crowded with taste, beauty and fashion. Mr. Trotter opened his new Theatre here on Tuesday the 7th of July: it is but justice to him to say, that no expense has been spared to render it elegant and commodious —Drury Lane has been the evident model. Preceding the play Mr. Trotter delivered an occasional address with considerable effect; the scenery and decorations are beautiful, and reflect the highest credit on the artist Mr. G. Travis Williams. The company is extremely respectable, and Mrs Trotter has engaged Mr. and Mrs H. Siddons, of the theatre royal Drury Lane, to lead the business; they appeared in the characters of Shylock and Portia, and the curtain fell to very loud and reiterated plaudits. The play of the Stranger was given out for the next performance, and the good humour testified from all parts of the house seemed to augur that the liberal and spirited efforts of the manager seem likely to be repaid by a golden harvest.

The presence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, sheds a gaiety over the place which even eclipses that of Brighton. The houses are all engaged, and we have daily visitors from the latter place, who flock in great numbers to catch a view of our illustrious resident. The following is the Address spoken by Mr. Trotter:

How many fairy, visionary joys
The hope of speculative man employs—
At distance view'd, the prospect of delight
Is as the party-colour'd rainbow, bright—
But when the hour arrives, some shaft unseen
Shall mar the fancied rapture of the scene.
Drooping we then are forc'd this truth to own:
Substantial pleasures are but rarely known.
Oft has my fancy wander'd with delight
On the new fabric you behold to-night—
Should it not please my friends, who here surround,
The fabric falls a *ruin to the ground.*
O, favor then! O, prop the doubtful cause!
The *pillar* of our house is *your applause.*
All I cou'd do to please my patrons kind
I've spar'd not *trouble*, nor *expence* to find;
Your generous bosoms must supply the rest,
Granting that man can only—*do his best.*
Some there may be whose harder judgments scan
The drama adverse to the moral plan,
Assert, that vice, with all her baneful train,
Disturb the quiet of sweet virtue's reign;
Ye generous patrons! justly hear the note,
That nature warbled, and great Shakspeare wrote:
To night the cruel Jew's relentless knife,
Is rais'd against the worthy merchant's life;
But Mercy's voice with angel tone recalls
The barbarous sentence, and the weapon falls;

Can scenes like these, which hallow'd minds may read
The cause of virtue and of truth impede?
Your plaudits must such doubtful fears dispel,
Our future deeds our gratitude shall tell;
If on this night (our first) our efforts claim
Your kind applause—that kind applause is *Fame*.

Theatre, SOUTHEND.—Mr. Trotter being necessarily absent at Worthing, he has engaged Mr. Bew, as his acting manager at this place, where the Theatre is well attended, and the company can boast several very good performers.

PARIS THEATRES.

Theatre de l'Imperatrice, rue de Louvois.—The *Mysterious Secretary*, in three acts, and in verse.—The Mysterious Secretary is a young woman, who, being forced by parental rigour to leave her home, disguises herself, and entering into the service of a lady, in the quality of secretary, the chambermaid falls in love with him, and the husband grows a little jealous; but the latter soon discovering the secret, applies to the father of the fugitive, who, by this time, feeling some remorse at his cruelty, is rejoiced to recover his daughter, and obtains his own forgiveness by pardoning the indiscretion of his child. The piece possesses considerable merit. It is written by the son of *Patrat*, the author of the farce which Mr. Colman has dramatized under the title of *Blue Devils*.

Theatre du Vaudeville.—The *Amorous Valets*, in one act.. A young captain of hussars is desperately in love with a young widow, who is unacquainted with his person; he obtains an introduction to her by entering into her service, and wearing her livery. One of her neighbours, whom she has also never seen, an elderly man, who is at law with her, has proposed to terminate the dispute by a marriage; but wishing to know a little more of her disposition, he presents himself before her in the dress of his valet. The gentlemen meet, and the elder of the two soon perceives that he has not only a young rival, but that the young widow is inclined to prefer him. He good-humouredly resigns his pretensions, drops the law-suit, and consents to their union. Dorat is the author.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. Jordan has received and accepted very liberal offers from the Drury-lane Proprietors for three years. Mrs. Dickons at a large salary, but not more than adequate to the merits of so fine a singer, is engaged at Covent-garden. Miss Bolton, we believe, retires. Mrs. H. Johnston, it is also said, returns to her situation at the same theatre; and Shield, incomparably our best English Composer, has consented to furnish it with an Opera. Catalani who will shortly set off for Ireland, has not yet come to terms with the managers of the Opera house for next season.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Life of the Earl of Macartney, by John Barrow, Esq.; of Lord Chancellor Egerton, by Mr. Egerton Brydges; of General Washington, by Mr. Ramsay, author of the History of the American Revolution. Memoirs of British Statesmen; by John Macdiarmid, Esq.

HISTORY.—Curialia; or an Historical Account of some Branches of the Royal Houshold, &c. by Samuel Pegge, Esq. Parts IV and V. History of the House of Austria, 1218, to 1292, by William Coxe. Historical Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland, by John Gunn, F. A. S. E. History of the Buccaneers of America, translated from the German of Von Archenholtz, by George Mason, Esq.

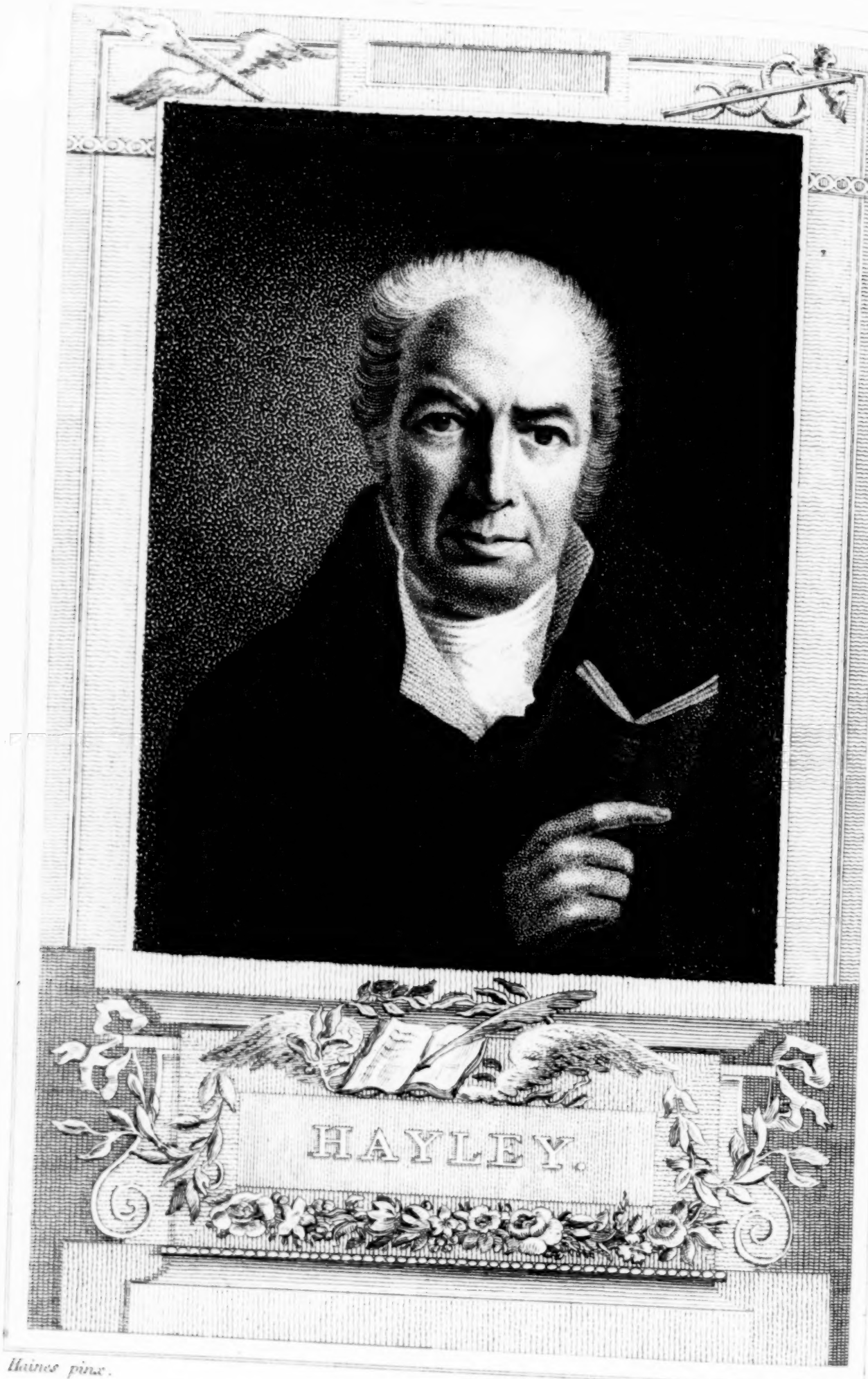
TRAVELS.—Travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquere, Counsellor and first Esquire Carver to Philip Le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, to Palestine, and his return from Jerusalem overland to France, during the years 1432 and 1433, from a MS. in the National Library at Paris; translated by Thomas Jones, Esq. View of the present state of Poland, by George Burnett.

ROMANCES, &c.—Julian, or My Father's House, from the French of Dumenil. Corinna, or Italy, by Madame de Holstein.

POETRY.—The Inferno of Dante Alighiere, translated into blank verse, with a life of the author, by H. Howard. A Translation of Hesiod, with Notes and Dissertations, by Mr. Elton. Poems, by Lord Byron. The plants, by Mr. W. Tighe. Mirth and Metre, by C. Dibdin, jun. Poems, by Mr. Penwarne.

DRAMATIC.—Mr. Hooke's Fortress. Fashionable World Reformed, being reflections on Theatrical Representations, &c. by Philokosmos.

MISCELLANIES.—Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland, Vol. III, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. Dissertation on the Gipsies, with an Enquiry into their origin, &c. Views of the past and present state of the people of Spain and Italy. Treatise on Elocution, by Mr. Rylance.



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